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CHRONICLE.

In Parliament. THE debate of yesterday week had considerable interest, which has not been made obsolete even by the subsequent introduction of "the Bill." Mr. CONYBEARE was put up to raise a point of legal etiquette, whether it was proper that Mr. ROSS, who had been engaged as counsel in the Gweedore matter, should discuss it in the House, and it appeared that Sir CHARLES RUSSELL had been busy running about all the morning to judges to get adverse opinions. Unluckily for Mr. ATTORNEY, his own conduct in the PARNELL Commission was well within the remembrance of the House, and he was very roughly handled by Mr. BALFOUR, Sir RICHARD WEBSTER, and Sir HENRY JAMES, his only defence being that the circumstances were "different." And there certainly were differences—such as, for instance, that the name in the one case was "RUSSELL," in the other "Ross." After a squabble over the Government wish to stifle the debate, in which Mr. GLADSTONE showed great fretfulness at some very reasonable exposure by Mr. BALFOUR of the inconveniences arising from the present dual leadership of the House, Mr. ROSS, whom the SPEAKER had pronounced to be within his rights, nevertheless very properly declined to avail himself of them, and moved his amendment without comment. Mr. MORLEY made the weakest of all possible defences of his departure from precedent and decency, and the amendment was withdrawn. Mr. ARNOLD FORSTER's on priestly intimidation, which succeeded, brought out a young members' debate for the most part, the mover, Mr. BUTCHER, and Mr. PAUL being the chief early speakers. These maidens were good maidens. But Mr. PAUL in the course of his speech said that "the objection to "spiritual influence in Ireland was not to the character "of that influence, but to the side on which it was "used." Substitute "approval" for "objection," and "of" for "to," and this would make such defence as is possible for Mr. PAUL's own attitude. He brought up Sir HENRY JAMES, who must have, or at least ought to have, made some of the young "Liberals" rather uncomfortable. The amendment was defeated by 248 to 205, the Parnellites abstaining. Meanwhile the Upper House, having no business provided for it, had

indulged in a conversation on Mr. ACLAND's *trop de zèle* against denominational schools, which Lord KIMBERLEY disclaimed on his own part, eliciting from the Duke of RUTLAND, not usually a cruel person, the rather cruel suggestion that "perhaps the circular had better have "been made to conform to the Lord President's views."

A Saturday sitting was held for the conclusion of the debate on the Address in the House of Commons, and the entire afternoon was occupied by a pretty vigorous discussion of Mr. JAMES LOWTHER's amendment demanding restrictions on the immigration of destitute aliens. The Jewish members of the House, feeling doubtless, though their co-religionists were not aimed at by name, that they were meant, mustered and spoke, while Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. MUNDELLA took the lead in opposing action. The Opposition leaders as such did not "take a hand"; but the Government speakers, after denying that their predecessors had contemplated any steps in the matter, were confronted with damaging proof that they had, and, though the amendment was rejected by 234 to 119, Mr. LOWTHER had no reason to be dissatisfied in the circumstances either with his argument or the numbers he mustered. No other amendment was pressed, and the Address was voted after fewer days of debate than Addresses on far less contentious Speeches in the last Parliament.

The SPEAKER having checkmated the early-rising forestallers of seats on Monday by ordering the doors not to be opened till twelve o'clock, there was a very considerable rush at that hour into the House of Commons; but nobody was much the worse. As the time for business drew near there appeared many Peers, who had nothing to talk about in their own House, except Lord KIMBERLEY's salary, and the certainly odd arrangement by which the poor Indian is made to pay for the tempering with a little discretion of Mr. ARTHUR ACLAND's zeal. And the PRINCE OF WALES and the Duke of YORK came to listen to that singular First Servant of the Crown who was about to propose the certain crippling and possible breaking to pieces of their heritage. Questions being cut short, Mr. GLADSTONE began, and with sufficient vigour expounded the particulars of his second attempt to square the political circle after boxing the political compass. He began by general remarks of a very familiar kind about Coercion, and Pitt, and so forth, and then proceeded

to the Bill, only the barest outlines of which can be given here. Its preamble declares that the authority of Parliament is not to be restricted or impaired, and then it proceeds to restrict and impair the said authority. The provisions include the creation of two Irish Chambers, the Upper or Council to consist of 48 members elected for eight years on a 20*l.* franchise; the Lower or Assembly of 103, elected on the same franchise as at present, for five years. In the event of a quarrel matters, after two disagreements, are to be voted on by the two Houses sitting together. The Parliament so composed cannot go contrary to the Imperial Parliament, nor attack religious or personal freedom, nor touch the usual Crown rights of peace, war, coinage, &c. The Viceroy is to be appointed for six years, and, to encourage the Protestants, may be a Roman Catholic. With the assistance of a Sub-Committee, or Cabinet, of the Irish Privy Council, he will accept or veto Bills; while there is a further appeal to the Crown and the English Privy Council, as also, it would seem, to the Judicial Committee of the latter, in case of the Irish Parliament acting *ultra vires*. The Land question is to be reserved for three years, and the Constabulary to be gradually extinguished. Also, and independently of this, Ireland is to send a contingent of 80 members to the Imperial Parliament, who will have but restricted rights of voting. Divers details as to finance, the judges, and the like were added. The rather thankless task of following Mr. GLADSTONE was very vigorously discharged by Sir EDWARD CLARKE, who extracted from the PRIME MINISTER omitted information as to the Land question, and by divers other members. The debate was closed on the Government side by Mr. SEXTON, who uttered, as usual, words and wind, and on the other by Colonel SAUNDERSON, who spoke with unwonted gravity. Mr. BALFOUR then moved the adjournment.

The House of Lords on *Tuesday* was busy for some time about the Debtors Act, and listened to a would-be witty, and actually silly, answer from Lord ACTON, in reference to some inquiries of Lord LONDONDERRY as to moonlighting in Kerry. Then a very pretty little tiny kickshaw of a dirty trick on the part of the Government, in reference to the Welsh Church, was exposed by Lord SALISBURY. Mr. LEVESON GOWER, it seems, acts as what they used to call in the last century "terrier" to the Government on the Ecclesiastical Commission, and they have tried through him to anticipate the Suspensory Bill, by preventing the establishment of a new ecclesiastical district, for which a church has been actually built at Colwyn Bay. Unhappy Lord KIMBERLEY, who is left nearly alone to bear the brunt in the House of Lords, protested, disavowed, apologized, and evaded as much as he could; but the facts remained. In the House of Commons, though questions resumed their sway, nothing of much importance was asked or answered, and after Mr. LABOUCHERE had insisted on a division over the two o'clock Ash Wednesday motion, and had been beaten by 307 to 161, Mr. BALFOUR resumed the debate on the Home Rule Bill. He sailed in a leisurely manner round that very remarkable Noah's Ark, and poured broadsides into its ramshackle sides and crew of strange beasts from every angle. He pointed out that, as Ireland was almost entirely quiet, the Coercion argument for the introduction of a Home Rule Bill had been cut away, exposed Mr. GLADSTONE's misrepresentations of Pitt's undertakings, dwelt on the inconvenient plurality of constituencies, registers, and tribunals of reference, pointed out the impossible character of the proposed Irish representation at Westminster, and criticized the financial proposals at length. Him Mr. BRYCE followed, decidedly *pede daudo*, though it cannot be said that in any other sense he strongly or alarmingly resembled the Goddess of

Punishment. Of the subsequent speakers, Mr. JOHN REDMOND, who, though not assuming a hostile attitude to the Bill in principle, criticized it severely from the ultra-Nationalist point of view in detail, was the most noteworthy. The debate was adjourned on the motion of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

"The first dark day of nothingness" in the Session followed on *Wednesday*—or "Wastedness-day," as an ingenious Parliamentary etymologist of a defunct school once derived it. Mr. LOGAN had precedence with a Bill for applying all the modern nostrums—ballot, one-man-one-vote, no qualification, abolition of "the accident of 'sin,'" and so forth—to the election of Local Authorities. The debate exhibited a good deal of that not particularly edifying economy which members are wont to use towards a measure which is not very likely to get through, but which it might be unpopular to oppose; and it was read a second time. But Mr. J. G. LAWSON and Mr. JAMES LOWTHER spoke sturdily and well, and the latter made some good points in his new and striking impersonation of "a disciple of Mr. J. S. MILL." Mr. FOWLER, for the Government, and Mr. BALFOUR, for the Opposition, made the usual significant reserve of "liberty in Committee." Sir J. WHITEHEAD'S Railway Rates Bill was withdrawn, as a sequel to Mr. MUNDELLA's answer (see below) to a deputation; some other business was done, and the House adjourned.

Considerable curiosity had been felt as to Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's probable line on *Thursday*—curiosity heightened by the length of time which has passed since he took a prominent part in Parliament. But the Irish members, with really admirable cleverness, resolved to take the wind out of his sails by raising one of those questions of privilege over which the House of Commons always loses control of itself. So when Mr. LEVESON GOWER had stood in a not very white sheet for his above-mentioned conduct, and some other matters had been disposed of, Sir THOMAS ESMONDE and Mr. SEXTON arraigned, first Lord WOLMER, and then the *Times*, for insinuating that they and their colleagues were "mercenaries." Lord WOLMER, who had undoubtedly forgotten that the greatest moral certainties are not to be treated as facts without evidence, withdrew promptly; but the Government, falling in deftly with the Irish plan, blew the flames in reference to the *Times*—an article in which paper was, after much wrangling, voted a breach of privilege. By dint of this ingenious trick Lord RANDOLPH was made to come after the fair. He made, however, a very good speech, uncompromising and thoroughly Unionist in tone, supplementing and completing Mr. BALFOUR's detailed examination with eloquent denunciation of the more general kind. Mr. LABOUCHERE and Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN spoke later on the other side.

Meanwhile, in the House of Lords, Lord KIMBERLEY had been put on the usual rack, this time in reference to Welsh land, by Lord SALISBURY and others. It is believed that the noble Lord has been selected for this Dolorous Gard as having no nerves, and all kind-hearted men will hope so.

Politics out of Parliament. A deputation, headed by Mr. ARNOLD FORSTER, waited upon Mr. ARNOLD MORLEY yesterday week to urge an Imperial penny postage, to which the POSTMASTER-GENERAL replied, naturally enough, that they must first get the colonies to consent—and to pay. There was lively election news. Mr. ALLAN, the Gladstonian candidate for Gateshead, ought to afford some sport, for he has laid down that "landlords are the cause of all our miseries."

This day week Mr. ACLAND gratified a Welsh deputation by promising more study of Welsh in schools—wherein there is no harm—and a very sulky meeting of Welsh Gladstonians complained of Mr. GLADSTONE'S negligence in the blessed work of Church-robbing.

The run of Unionist bad luck continued on Monday at Pontefract, where the Gladstonian, Mr. RECKITT, got in by sixty-three—a result undesired, but not unexpected, for the present Lord ST. OSWALD's majorities at his three elections were exceedingly small, and Pontefract was, until recently, "Liberal" enough to serve as a pocket-borough to no more imposing or inviting person than Mr. CHILDERS, for over a quarter of a century.

On Tuesday, the Duke of DEVONSHIRE presided at a dinner given in St. James's Hall to Lord WOLMER, and criticized "the Bill" at some length. Deputations waited on Mr. ASQUITH urging Eight Hours in Cotton Mills; on Mr. GARDNER, asking for free importation of Canadian cattle; and on Mr. BRYCE, pleading for special haste in packing the Duchy of Lancaster with Separatist magistrates. Mr. GOSCHEN spoke on Patriotism at the Polytechnic. The Central Chamber of Agriculture embraced the new Agricultural Union.

On Wednesday morning a strong deputation waited on Mr. MUNDELLA on the subject of Railway Rates. The PRESIDENT of the BOARD of TRADE appeared to feel that it was necessary to be "manly, sir, manly," and indulged in much strong language, accusing the railways of "breach of faith," promising to "bring them "to their senses," and so forth. It is believed that this is the same Mr. MUNDELLA who last week admitted that "a vast volume of rates of which we hear nothing" has been reduced.

Ireland. Direct official contradiction came last week from Ireland as to one county at least in which Mr. MORLEY had alleged that police protection had been illegally given to the sheriffs by the late Government. When the Court of Appeal, on the general subject, met on Wednesday (it was a strong one, and included no judge who had sat in the Queen's Bench Division), its jurisdiction was questioned by the Sheriff of Kerry, and judgment was reserved on the point. This was given on Thursday in favour of the objection, and the Queen's Bench judgment against the Government therefore stands, without possibility of reference to the House of Lords.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. The foreign news of the end of last week contained very little that was noteworthy, the chief items being details of the damage done by floods in Queensland and earthquakes in Zante.

There was nothing really new on Monday morning, though Zante earthquakes, Queensland floods, Burmah fighting, Panama sentences, and the rest continued to fill a certain space. It was also asserted that almost the whole population of Iceland meditates emigration to Manitoba. And yet they have Home Rule!

It was announced on Tuesday that the Kachin rising in Burmah was becoming more general, and that more energetic measures would have to be, and were being, taken to stamp it out. News from Sir GERALD PORTAL reported all well. The Egyptian financial statement was very promising, even better than was expected; but the results were hampered by the iniquitous conduct of certain Powers and dashed by recent complications. The 82nd had landed, and fresh arrangements were published which would result in the fixing of the garrison for the present at 6,000 men. Lord DUFFERIN had made a remarkable speech at the British Chamber of Commerce dinner in Paris, dealing with the recent Ambassador-libels. Perhaps it was unnecessary for him to disclaim the charges of bribery which the baser sort of French journalist, judging others by himself, has been flinging about; but it need hardly be said that the disclaimer lacked neither wit nor point.

The betrothal of Prince FERDINAND of Bulgaria to Princess MARIE LOUISE of Parma, with more earthquakes in the Greek islands, and divers pilgrimages

(including an English one) to the Pope's jubilee, were the chief items of Continental news on Wednesday morning.

Criticisms on the Home Rule Bill began to come in from the Continent on Wednesday and Thursday. It is worth observing that the Vienna press, which knows most about the blessings of Home Rule, almost without exception condemns the measure. There was a delightful story—also illustrating Home Rule—from Topeka, Kansas, about Republicans and Populists in the State Legislature by turns smashing the doors and manning the fort of the Capitol. President HARRISON and his Secretary of State—both moribund functionaries—had recommended the annexation of Hawaii. Lord DUNMORE had reached Constantinople, after a year's journey on horseback, from the Punjab, starting by way of the Pamirs, a "long-distance ride" to some purpose.

On Thursday the French Chamber saw another interpellation, and the great M. CAVIGNAC once more took useful exercise for the President Stakes. Eight thousand pilgrims kissed the POPE's hands—*on n'est pas impunément Sa Sainteté.*

The Law Courts. Last Saturday Mr. Justice COLLINS and Mr. Justice LAWRENCE decided against the London County Council in a test case selected from the Council's wholesale attempt to run up assessments. —A juror was withdrawn in a political libel action before Mr. Baron POLLOCK after it had wasted two days. —On Monday, in a registration case of some interest, it was decided that the occupation for three months each exclusively of a single house by the four Canons Residentiary of Bangor did not qualify. —The inquiry into the loss of the *Roumania* began on Tuesday, and on Wednesday evidence was given by the two European survivors, Captain HAMILTON and Lieutenant ROOKE. It was to the effect, among other things, that the life-belts with which it had the day before been alleged every cabin was plentifully provided, were nowhere to be found, the supposition being that they had been removed for the purpose of facilitating the storage of luggage. —Very serious allegations were made at the Mansion House, on Wednesday, against the Messrs. BARKER, the bankers, who failed last year, and their bail was raised to 5,000*l.* each.

Dinners. At the French Hospital dinner this day week, M. WADDINGTON, who has represented France for ten years, with almost unsurpassed discretion, in a very difficult post, took informal leave of this country. —Mr. IRVING spoke at the annual dinner of the Playgoers' Club.

Correspondence. Mr. HERBERT STEPHEN did useful work on Monday by calling attention to Sir FREDERICK MILNER's unexpected and mistaken adoption in the Gweedore debate of the lie about Sergeant BRETT, the victim of the Manchester murderers, being shot accidentally. It is not often that Sir FREDERICK succumbs to the Gladstonian party in this way, either in its English or its Irish division. —The two candidates for Cirencester have got at least to the counter-check quarrelsome as to the late petition; and it is to be hoped that the electors will carefully examine Mr. LAWSON's assertions and admissions together. —Colonel TURNER continued on Tuesday morning the exposure of Mr. MORLEY's mare's-nest about the Irish sheriffs, and Colonel FRANK RUSSELL brought up the very unpleasant matter, to which we have referred before, about Mr. ESSLEMONT and East Aberdeenshire.

Miscellaneous. Very heavy gales prevailed at the end of last week, and much damage was done. A terrible result of these gales was made known last Saturday, the steamer *Pomeranian* having been forced to put back to the Clyde, after her decks had been swept clean by an Atlantic wave which drowned or killed the captain, two of the mates, and nine of the

passengers and crew.—The Hunterian Oration was delivered on Tuesday by Mr. THOMAS BRYANT, in the presence of the PRINCE OF WALES and his son. That day's *Gazette* contained the proclamation authorizing the new coinage.—The *Grafton*, a first-class cruiser, has been this week completed at Blackwell.

Obituary. Sir CHARLES LEWIS had been very well known for the greater part of the last twenty years as an Ulster member of Parliament.—The Rev. R. T. WEST, Vicar of St. Mary Magdalene, Paddington, was much and deservedly respected.—Mr. MORRIS, of Nunburnholme, had been known for many years not merely as a pleasant and instructive writer on birds in books and newspapers, but as a very unwearied and useful promoter of all measures for the protection, and protester against all schemes for the destruction, of feathered fowl. ST. FRANCIS preached to the birds; but Mr. MORRIS preached for them and of them, and in each case with effect of edification and delight.—The death of Mme. AUGUSTINE BROHAN recalls some of the brightest days of the history of the Théâtre Français during the present century.

Books. Some books of considerable interest have appeared this week, such as Sir ARTHUR GORDON's book on his father, *The Earl of Aberdeen*, in the "Queen's Prime Ministers" series (SAMPSON LOW & Co.); Mr. PATER's *Plato and Platonism* (MACMILLAN); and Mr. LOCK's *John Keble* (METHUEN).

The Theatre. The late Mr. GORING THOMAS'S *The Golden Web* was successfully produced at Liverpool on Wednesday.

THE HOME RULE BILL.

THE Great Secret is out at last. At last the pretentious mystery has been unveiled, and the gaping crowd in the show-booth are now able to judge whether they have received "good value" for their pennies. Possibly the gaping crowd may be satisfied, though assuredly they are the only people who will be. It may be that the entertainment provided by Mr. GLADSTONE for this section of his patrons has fulfilled their expectations. Their reason for voting him into office and for gaping at him since he has been there was, after all, a simple and comparatively modest one, and they may quite conceivably hold that the event has justified them. All that they desired was another "historic scene"—or, in other words, the spectacle of an extremely aged politician endeavouring, as the last act of his public life, to revolutionize the constitutional arrangements of his country. Well, they have had their historic scene, and though the performance was distinctly inferior, from the theatrical point of view, to the first representation, yet for this they may have been consoled by the added interest of the circumstance that the principal performer is seven years older. It is as though the funambulist were announced to execute his daring tight-rope act with less chalk on his shoes; or the "strong man" had undertaken to lift a bigger pony. But to any one whose interest in the performance was practical, and not artistic—to all who were not to be satisfied with merely seeing the extremely aged politician attempt the revolutionizing feat, but who would be disappointed unless he succeeded, the Home Rule Bill of 1893 is a disappointment indeed. For they must know well enough—that, of course, they are in no hurry to admit it—that, infelicitous and foredoomed to failure as was the former attempt by the same hand, the measure in which this second attempt of his is embodied is even more hopelessly ill-conceived, and bears its inevitable fate even more plainly branded on its face.

If they—if these faithful, but betrayed, English Gladstonians (of the Irish wing we will speak presently)

—have yet had the heart to compare the new Bill with the old one, they must have had a bad quarter of an hour. For seven years past they have been contemplating the flagrant defects and the grave dangers which were fatal to the Bill of 1886, and have been dutifully listening to the political wizard, who has assured them that he knew, and in good time would tell them, how those defects could be corrected and those dangers met. And here is the result! The Bill of 1886 was scouted by every sensible man as holding out not the smallest hope of finality; the Bill of 1893 is not even represented by its author as so much as aiming at it. Where there was no prospect there is now not even promise. The Bill of 1886 was condemned for its practical failure, under all its plausible theoretical arrangements, to provide for the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament. The practical failure of the Bill of 1893 in this respect is even more signal; and there is not so much as a theoretical plausibility about its arrangements. The Bill of 1886 pretended to legislate for the protection of minorities, and the protective provisions inserted in it were at once perceived to be nugatory. The Bill of 1893 was introduced with fewer—or, rather, with no—professions on this head from the PRIME MINISTER; and the PRIME MINISTER was right, for the protective provisions which he now proposes are not so much nugatory as derisory. The proposals with respect to the Constabulary in the Bill of 1886 were unjust and dangerous; they are substantially the same in the present Bill, only with added touches of the anomalous and absurd. It was a condition of the old Bill—much pressed, and largely descended on, by Mr. GLADSTONE—that the Land question should be settled by the Imperial Parliament conjointly with the establishment of Home Rule. From the introductory speech on the Bill brought in the other night the matter had amazingly dropped out altogether; and the House learnt only through a statement interjected by Mr. GLADSTONE in Sir EDWARD CLARKE'S speech that the Land question was to be reserved for three years.

Upon the most fatally and mischievously inept of the provisions of the Bill—that which relates to the retention of the Irish members in the Imperial Parliament—we comment elsewhere. It is a rock upon which the measure must inevitably split; a rock upon which the ship would go to pieces if it were as well built and seaworthy as it is crazy and crank; but we shall say no more of it in this place. There is enough, and more than enough, to wreck the Bill in the fantastic clauses relating to the constitution of the Irish Parliament, in the inequitable and unworkable arrangements with reference to finance, in the scheme for the bedevilment of the judiciary and the Civil Service, and, indeed, in nearly every one of the more important articles of the measure. Its vulnerability, in short, at every point is so amazing, and has been so destructively demonstrated already, even before the printed text has seen the light, that it is really difficult to treat it as a serious legislative effort on Mr. GLADSTONE'S part. It is true that most of its weakest and wildest strokes of imbecility or dementia occur in those particulars in which the planner has been obliged by circumstances to depart from the lines of his former scheme; but this is less of an excuse than of an explanation, indeed if it be not more of a condemnation than either. For, if it be really the fact that Mr. GLADSTONE can, after seven years, think of no better substitute for his two Houses of 1886 than the Assembly of 103 members, "checked" by the impotent Legislative Council of 48, which finds a place in his present Bill, what else can possibly be said, even by the most patient and persevering of constitution-mongers, of the task which he has undertaken except that it is hopeless? Or, take again the provisions for

maintaining the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament. Are we really to understand that the ridiculous arrangements with regard to the veto—arrangements inoperative in nineteen cases out of twenty, exasperating to Ireland, and disturbing in the last degree to England, through the presence of Irish members at Westminster, in the twentieth—are the best that Mr. GLADSTONE can do? If so, Mr. BALFOUR's brilliant attack of last Tuesday night has shattered, not only a measure, but a policy. For it has exposed the impossibility of creating a Legislature in Ireland which shall at once possess the amount of independence which Irish Nationalists demand and be subject to the restraints on which English Unionists insist. As to the protection of minorities—as to the methods by which the rights of landlords are to be secured against Mr. DILLON, and those of Protestants against Bishop NULTY and Archbishop WALSH—the subject was handled by Mr. GLADSTONE, and, so far as is known, is treated with an indifference which, except on one hypothesis, would be astounding.

What that hypothesis must be events have already indicated. It disclosed itself plainly enough in the speeches of Mr. McCARTHY, Mr. SEXTON, and Mr. REDMOND. Those speeches give the full explanation of all the extravagances and ineptitudes of the Bill; which is, that the Irish members have seen and approved the draft of it, that Mr. GLADSTONE can count upon their votes to carry it through the second reading, and that he looks no further. Probably he is under no illusions as to how much their approval is worth, nor imagines for a moment that they have not reserved to themselves the right of squeezing as much more out of him on Committee as they can. But at this stage, no doubt, he believes that the squeezability of his English supporters (which, of course, is the measure of his own) may have increased to the point which his Irish masters require. This, of course, is the calculation of a gambler; but the Bill itself is the Bill of a gambler, as must be any Bill for subverting a constitution and revolutionizing a society, which is introduced by a Minister with a majority of 40 in an assembly of the numbers of the House of Commons.

HIDEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

WE have occasionally regretted the monstrosities of street advertisements. Every vacant wall or hoarding which is accessible to the billsticker blazes with pictures which do not precisely educate the public taste, and are rather a serious addition to the minor evils of life. Well-meant efforts have been made to improve these posters. The late Mr. FREDERICK WALKER designed one for *The Woman in White*; it was tolerably inoffensive, but far from an addition to the amenity of a blank wall. Mr. HERKOMER, if we are not mistaken, has tried his hand, and a well-known picture of a little boy blowing soap-bubbles by Sir JOHN MILLAIS is sufficiently familiar to the amateur. But the worst of it is that no such repeated airs, from whatever hand, are agreeable, much less the terrible man with the liver-pad, compared with whom the lady with improbably long hair is a gem. This is not the end. The fields on each side of the railways grow monstrous advertisements—an offence to the eyes of travellers, and surely no real inducement to purchase the wares of the culprits.

A Society has been formed to deal with these horrors, and the Society protests against "diffidence and de-spondency." This is plucky, at least, and so far deserves respect. It is a monstrous anomaly to spend public money on the improvement of public taste, and then to permit that taste to be debauched by "sky-signs," advertisements in green fields, posters flaring

on every vacant space. But we do feel diffident and despondent. The people who care about these matters are very few, and perhaps we should be glad that the majority are not pained by insistent requests to buy soap or to visit theatres standing where they should not. If "local representative bodies," as the Society suggests, had control over "all forms of painted or printed announcements visible from the thoroughfares or public places," we doubt whether the bodies would use their power. As long as an advertisement is not morally indecent, the public bodies would not care, and we fear that all "painted announcements" are, and must be, "indecent" artistically. Whatever they are, they are matter in the wrong place. An ancient and beautiful town of this realm has a huge gilded "announcement" glittering high on its ultimate western wall, and every one who turns to admire an outline of rocks and venerable towers must stare at those flaming letters red in the western sun. This is highly distressing and incongruous; but we scarcely expect to see a local body, or local "buddies," interfering.

"The imposition of a duty" on this kind of thing is hardly probable, and, unless it were a very heavy duty, would leave things just as they are. Of course, we that have taste, *homines venustiores*, may boycott the wares of the more flamboyant advertisers. That is suggested; but, as the said *homines venustiores* are a very small fragment of the purchasing public, and as they probably do not buy the advertised wares in any case, the advertisers' withers would be unprung. The best chance lies in "propagating a taste for comeliness," but that is a terribly slow process. It may very well be that the majority of our fellow-creatures actually enjoy the pictures and placards,

We can hardly hope to persuade rural lodging-house keepers that an ugly local hoarding keeps away customers. People must go somewhere, and advertisements are everywhere. "The present license causes 'acute distress to many,' but not to many enough. These are among the minor evils of life on which TIMOTHY TESTY wrote long ago, and about which SCOTT argued that only Englishmen suffer from them. However, as the evil is notorious and is entirely superfluous, our hearts are with the remonstrants, whose names, as published in a preliminary list, include many persons of sense and sobriety. The great mystery, of course, is the question, "Why are these 'things done?'" It is said that a salmon, when quite devoid of appetite, may be worried into taking a fly, if only flies be presented to him with irritating pertinacity. "Hang it!" he exclaims, "I cannot be troubled with this Jock Scott any longer"—he makes an irritable snap at it, and is lost. Possibly, in the same way, persons are driven nearly wild by seeing this or that commodity thrust on their notice in railway stations, in trains, in the streets, in the fields, on the top of Ben Macdhui. Then they may purchase a sample in despair, may like it, and go on using it. This may be the theory of frantic and hideous advertisement; but, on the whole, it might seem more likely to work its own destruction. "Whatever I buy, I will 'not buy that,' one can conceive the citizen remarking, and looking out for a less obtrusive article. But if advertising did not pay, people would not advertise. Obviously they are reckless of "comeliness," of repose to the eye, and of civic and rural dignity. If they can really be got at and restrained by Parliament, by local bodies, by pamphlets, by preaching, by the press, so much the better. The Society at least has not despaired of the aesthetic aspect of the State. The best people to influence are the owners of hoardings. They might be compensated by the Society; and for that, as for all its crusade, it needs funds. But it has a long and weary contest in view.

SELF-GOVERNMENT AT TOPEKA.

THE press of the United States is inventive and proud of the fact. Therefore, we need not believe all that we hear from Topeka, Kansas. Yet accounts of the height to which party spirit has been carried in that distinguished city contain nothing which is incredible, and they do report something which may be particularly commended to the attention of Mr. BRYCE when next he draws on his American studies for arguments in favour of Home Rule. What the fight is about we shall learn further on, of course; but for the present it is enough to know that there has been a fight, a thing which the true Home Ruler will prove is impossible where a people is sobered by the responsibilities of freedom, and the will of the people can be freely expressed through its delegates. Apparently they find some difficulty in Topeka, Kansas, in deciding who speaks the voice of the people. Populist and Republican differ so profoundly on the point that they have taken to presenting Winchesters and smashing in doors with sledge-hammers. The artillery has been called out, if the Americans do not lie, in that portion of the Land of Freedom which has attained to unexampled prosperity under the protection of the Constitution. It must be acknowledged that the luck of the Gladstonians is vile. They had hardly appealed to Sweden and Norway for an example in favour of Home Rule, when those interesting countries went by the ears. Barely had Mr. BRYCE quoted American prosperity as an encouraging instance of what can be done by a ramshackle paper Constitution (we hope the Americans appreciate the candour of their friend), when there comes this news from Topeka.

It certainly sounds very Irish. In the beginning it appears that Populists and Republicans divided the Lower House of Representatives in an amicable manner. One party had it in the morning, and the other in the afternoon. This alternate use of the building was possibly copied from the practice of certain religious bodies which use the same place of worship turn and turn about. It is not uncommonly found in these cases that one body, after a time, wants to have the exclusive use of the "sacred edifice." The Populists are reported to have first displayed this selfish desire towards the Lower House. They took the opportunity, when they were in possession in the morning, to elect officers and lock the door. How this House divided against itself had got on hitherto without officers does not as yet transpire. This action on the part of the Populists did not appear to be the game to the Republicans, who thereupon swore in other officers—in the street, or perhaps at a bar—and marched on the Capitol more like ancient Romans than anything else. The scene that ensued was, as reported, confusing. The Populists pointed Winchesters, but did not use them. Regardless of the feeble threat, the austere Republicans marched in and, taking their seats, began to legislate. For a moment it looked as if the rights of the people had been manfully asserted (Republican style), or an infamous usurpation had been consummated by brute force (Populist version). But the end was not yet. The Populists returned, kicked the Republicans out, and barred the door. Their victory was of short duration. The Republican torrent, driven back for a moment, welled up again in fury. Headed by their Speaker, who laid aside his mace for a sledge-hammer, the Republicans returned and smashed that door down. The Populists fled shrieking to the Governor, who, being a member of their party, is manifestly impartial. He called out the Militia and a battery of artillery. Meanwhile the Republican Speaker had appealed for support to the citizens of

Kansas, and "both sides declare their determination to carry their point by force."

This is a very encouraging story for the Nationalist members. When they have the freedom of Topeka, they may enjoy an endless repetition of those delightful scenes in the office of a certain Dublin newspaper in which some of them took a hand only, so to speak, the other day. That such things should happen in the United States is what was to be expected. It is only an application to politics of the methods employed by the sovereign people in their little industrial disputes in Idaho, in Tennessee, and at Pittsburg. It is only lynching, which has been steadily on the increase for a generation, applied to Parliament. How completely lynching has become rooted among American institutions was shown when the respectable citizens of Texas lately met to denounce it as a barbarous practice, and the only remedy they could think of was to threaten to lynch the next body of lynchers. Topeka shows what progress the Land of Freedom has made in the application of the principle of the sovereignty of the people. It has to call out the Militia and Artillery more frequently than all the monarchies of Europe put together. But we think this is the first time that the guns have been got ready for the benefit of the actual representatives of the people. The next thing will be to use them—and Home Rulers may be asked to note that, unless the Governor applies to the PRESIDENT for the support of troops, the Federal Government has no right of interference.

DEMI-M.P.'S.

OF all the thousands or millions who read Mr. GLADSTONE's speech of Monday, there can hardly have been one, possessed of any knowledge of political affairs, and any habit of political thinking, who did not fix on the part relating to the retention of a certain number of Irish members at Westminster as the point of points. And we would fain hope that there is sufficient political intelligence even among the Gladstonian party to have made their own reflections on the subject anything but comfortable. We believe, indeed, that there is hardly a provision among those sketched by Mr. GLADSTONE which is not fraught with mischief. But we cannot see one, not even the double franchise, not even the strange sham checks of the Viceroy's Council, and the quasi-Supreme Court of Appeal, which has the advantage of this, either in capacity for mischief or in certainty of unworkability to any profit.

It is possible, of course, to object at the outset, "Oh! but this is not a necessary part of the Bill. Mr. GLADSTONE merely introduced it as a "humble contribution of the wit of that part of man "which is represented by his Cabinet. He invited "Parliament to amend it if possible. He stated the "pros and the cons with an exquisite openness and "fairness." Unfortunately this, or something like it, is a necessary part of the Bill. In the first place, Governments can hardly expect that anything but a following of the merest "items" will allow them to bring in Bills of this magnitude, and to say that, if anybody does not like this part or that part, it "kin be "changed." It would, no doubt, be excessively convenient; but it cannot be conceded. Secondly, the retention or non-retention of the Irish members is no mere academic or facultative question. In mentioning the reasons for retention, Mr. GLADSTONE, with childlike innocence, forgot to mention that their exclusion, and the acceptance of the rest of the Bill, would leave him, next September, without a majority. And as nothing is to impair the sovereignty of the Imperial Parliament, the Imperial Parliament might immediately proceed to amend Home Rule out of existence. More than this,

the exclusion of the Irish members would make such a measure of Home Rule as is now proposed intolerable to a far less sensitive people than the Irish. They would be expected to sit down under the payment of Imperial contributions which they could not touch, without a voice in the cost or arrangement of army or navy, without the power of saying a word on foreign affairs, and without the chance of even protesting against the resumption of a policy as disastrous to Irish trade as the old proposal to make the importation of Irish cattle into England a *præmumire*. The last state of such an Ireland would be infinitely worse, from no unreasonable Home Ruler's point of view, than the first. So, then, Mr. GLADSTONE's attempt to do what passes the wit of man is not a work of supererogation, a good-natured attempt to please everybody. It is a life-and-death matter to his scheme.

Nor can there be any doubt that, unless Englishmen and Scotchmen have wholly lost their senses, it ought to be death to that scheme. A frivolous person might really think that the Cabinet, wanting a little relaxation one day, had played a game at crambo, had written down, each man, the suggestion he thought silliest and most unworkable on the subject, and that the result had then got inserted by some error in the draft of the Bill. We do not, indeed, share Mr. GLADSTONE's considerate doubts whether Ireland will be able to spare 103 men for the Assembly and 48 men for the Council and 80 men for Westminster. Speaking from his point of view, we should have thought this doubt rather a left-handed compliment to the country which he affects to consider fit for autonomy. Speaking from our own, which is the nasty cold point of view of historical experience, we should say that Ireland could have no difficulty in providing eighty, or eighty thousand, members quite as good as the average Nationalist representative to-day. So we waive this obliging suggestion. But we do see some little practical difficulty, and an immense amount of practical inconvenience, in the creation of a fresh (third) set of constituencies in which the franchise will be different from that of the Council and the area different from that of the Assembly. Moreover, as some of the names must necessarily be identical, it might be a little awkward, while it would be perfectly possible, to have the member for County So-and-so at Dublin blasting the galleries and withering the floor in denouncing a measure or a policy which the member for the same county at Westminster was promoting with all his heart. But, still, these are trifles.

The real, the hopeless difficulty lies further—in the restriction of the voting powers of the Eighty. It is impossible to imagine a more hopeless and maddening imbroglio than Mr. GLADSTONE's description of the intended restrictions holds out as likely. Certainly, those Home Rulers who, like Mr. MORLEY and the Unjust Judge, resolved to do what the Irish ask because the Irish were such a nuisance, must tremble at what is before them. In the first place, the exclusion is from the division lobby, not the speaking bench, and there is apparently nothing to prevent the 80 demi-members from talking as much as ever the 103 whole members have done. In the second, the classes of subjects in which even voting is admissible are so vague and large—for they necessarily include everything which directly or indirectly concerns Ireland in particular and the Empire in general—that we can hardly conceive any public Bill in which plausible claim to vote might not, and we can conceive many private Bills in which it might, be put in. But even this is not the worst. It is perfectly clear that on almost every subject—we might almost say on every subject without exception—the question whether the Irish were to vote or not could be raised. And even if the most intelligent Irish filibusters pre-

fferred Stephen's Green there would be plenty to make St. Stephen's intolerable.

But we shall take far higher ground than this, higher than the suggestion which Mr. GLADSTONE, as a second left-handed compliment to Ireland, made by the fact of disclaiming it, that these eighty members would be simply *condottieri*, Free Companions, who would desert from side to side—as their real personal and their alleged national interest might dictate—on every Vote of Confidence and on every important Imperial Bill. We shall go higher even than Mr. BALFOUR did when, in his admirable preliminary examination of the scheme on Monday, he showed how, the Customs revenue being the hinge of the financial relations between England and Ireland, the Irish contingent would have the power in very conceivable cases of knocking that hinge away altogether.

It is, we hold, a thing contrary to every principle of representative government that demi-members, members who can vote on this question and cannot vote on that, should sit among others who are fully privileged. We cannot imagine a greater insult to Ireland; we cannot conceive anything more illiberal in the true sense of that word, or more contrary to the better traditions of what has called itself "Liberal" statesmanship. A Parliament man who is half his time one of "our" "faithful Commons" and the other half a nondescript outsider, a motley creature who passes half the Parliamentary day in the upper world and its blessings, and is relegated for therest to the lower, appears to us to be not merely an anomaly—anomalies have no worse biting powers than allegories—but an abomination and a scandal. The creation of a new inequality, of a fresh mark of bondage, of a hitherto undreamt of class distinction and privilege—it is in this that the scheme of Mr. GLADSTONE, the great enemy of privilege, the hater of classes, the destroyer of ascendancies, begins, ends, moves, and has its sole possibility of being.

TWO AMBASSADORIAL SPEECHES.

IT rarely happens that ambassadors have occasion to speak in public for the purpose of justifying themselves against personal attacks. The traditions of the diplomatic service are against publicity, and it also very seldom happens that the comity of nations is so grossly disregarded by official or unofficial persons as to put the members of this properly highly-privileged body under the necessity of speaking for themselves. A few years ago HER MAJESTY's Ambassador at St. Petersburg found himself called upon to repel calumny from a most unexpected quarter, and did so with more honest indignation than diplomatic delicacy. During this week two Ambassadors have supplied other exceptions to the rule, and both have been driven to speak by attacks in the French press.

M. WADDINGTON took the opportunity afforded by the dinner of the French Hospital to explain the reasons which have induced him to retire from his long tenure of the French Embassy in London. He did not condescend to speak of the newspaper libels directed against him, but if he had not been provoked by spiteful and dishonest insinuations, he would probably not have entered at all on the reasons for his resignation. Those reasons amount in substance to a very severe criticism of the Republican Administration. M. WADDINGTON has been told by his political friends "that during his long absence from "the country he had lost touch of the French Parliament." The meaning of this explanation—which on the face of it is not very intelligible, for diplomats ought not to be active Parliamentary politicians—must be looked for in a later phrase of M. WADDINGTON's speech. He is returning, not for

rest, but "to fight for that great Republic which wanted "to be honest, as was shown by the fact that some of "her greatest men had been sacrificed in the interests "of honesty." The Republic will assuredly not be able to dispense for long with help in the fight which M. WADDINGTON foresees. His retirement is for the present a loss both to the French colony and to us. M. WADDINGTON has held office during years in which the duties he had to perform must often have been very trying. Neither we nor those of his own countrymen who are honest can assert that M. WADDINGTON has been slack in enforcing the claims and protests of France; but it would be equally false to say that he has done anything to add unnecessary friction to the relations between the States.

It might possibly have been still better if Lord DUFFERIN had said nothing at all to the English Chamber of Commerce at Paris about the scandalous lies of a certain portion of the French press. But Lord DUFFERIN may be trusted to be the judge of the occasion, and the manner was worthy of his established reputation. Nobody in the world possesses in a more eminent degree the art of saying what he ought to have said. It would have been easy for a speaker of less than Lord DUFFERIN'S wit and intimate acquaintance with the French to read the rabble of Parisian pressmen a stinging lesson. It must not be forgotten that Lord DUFFERIN has not only been attacked by gutter journals. The calumnies of these have been let pass without protest by more respectable papers. The case is one which could hardly arise here.

We trust if ever any English *Cocarde* thought fit to show patriotism by insulting a foreign ambassador, that even if it did not hear from HER MAJESTY'S Attorney-General, it would be properly disavowed by all the reputable members of the press. Lord DUFFERIN did not remind those who ought to have protected the reputation of their country of their failure. No man was less likely to forget that he is HER MAJESTY'S Ambassador, and, therefore, his criticisms were mainly conveyed in the form of compliments. It is a sufficiently deadly method when properly applied to the right sort of person. His actual assailants are doubtless quite clever enough to feel annoyed when their denunciations are dismissed as evidences of their ignorance and *naïveté* rather than of their malice. That contemptuous estimate, wrapped up in civilities to the French nation at large, is all the notice which HER MAJESTY'S Ambassador can condescend to take of their cock-and-bull stories. In another country it would probably have been unnecessary to take any notice at all. But lies have always had a great effect on people so credulous and excitable as the French. Recent experience has shown to what an extent spirited and continuous calumny can influence opinion and government in Paris. It might have been in the power even of the *Cocarde* to cause some embarrassment; and so Lord DUFFERIN had a reason for nailing its lies down.

IRISHMEN IN THE CABINET.

MR. GLADSTONE has a remarkable power of re-constructing history, making the actual not to have been, and making that which was not actual. What suits the prepossession or the argumentative purpose of the moment becomes the true truth, truer than the real facts. Mr. GLADSTONE displayed this gift in his speech on Monday. His logic seems to have been this. Ireland was disappointed in all the benefits she expected from the Union; among these expectations was the presence of Irishmen in what, borrowing the language of Mr. Under-Secretary COOK, he called the originating Cabinet of Great Britain; therefore,

this hope was disappointed. Since the Union, he said, there have been no Irishmen in the Cabinet, or at least only two—the Duke of WELLINGTON and Lord CASTLEREAGH. We wonder that the name of the Duke of WELLINGTON did not suggest to Mr. GLADSTONE those of his elder brother, the Marquess WELLESLEY, who was Foreign Secretary, and as nearly as possible Prime Minister, in the originating Cabinet of Great Britain, and Mr. WELLESLEY POLE. Mr. GLADSTONE might, further, have recollected Mr. VESEY FITZGERALD, whose defeat by O'CONNELL opened the House of Commons to Roman Catholics, thus becoming an unconscious pioneer in the paths in which Mr. GLADSTONE conceives himself to be walking, though, in the judgment of some observers, he has strayed widely and wildly from them. The name of Mr. SPRING RICE ought to be familiar to Mr. GLADSTONE, as well as the more recent names of Lord CAIRNS, Lord MAYO, and Lord ASHBOURNE. CANNING used to describe himself as an Irishman born in London, just as Mr. GLADSTONE gives himself out to be a Scotchman born in Liverpool, among other places. We will not count Lord PALMERSTON, who, though a peer of Ireland, was no more an Irishman than Mr. LABOUCHERE, or, for the matter of that, Mr. LEFEVRE, is a Frenchman. His humour, which is usually attributed to the very thin infusion of Irish blood in his veins, was no more Irish than the humour of O'CONNELL or the wit of SHERIDAN was English. It was little more than the pleasant jocosity of the English country gentleman, somewhat polished by the habits of the diplomatist and the man about town. It rested on a basis of robust common sense, essentially English and essentially un-Irish. If Lord ROSEBERY is a Scotchman, as we believe he claims to be, though born south of the Border, then Lord GEORGE HAMILTON is an Irishman, though born on this side of St. George's Channel.

Mr. GLADSTONE afterwards affected to have been speaking only of the Cabinets in which he himself had sat, with an aggregate of about seventy colleagues, dispersed over nearly half a century. The list includes the Duke of WELLINGTON, but it does not include CASTLEREAGH. Another mention of these two statesmen, "as the growth of Ireland in the 'period when it had its independent Parliament,'" had no meaning if it did not point to the conclusion that Parliament since the Union did not grow Irish Cabinet Ministers. As Mr. GLADSTONE has been Prime Minister twice as often as any statesman since the Union, with the exception of the late Lord DERBY, and four times to Lord DERBY'S three, the largest share of the blame would seem to rest with him. But Mr. GLADSTONE, in his eagerness to make out a case against the Union, has been unjust to himself. The Duke of WELLINGTON is not the only Irishman with whom he has sat in the Cabinet. He has forgotten Lord CARLINGFORD, whom he himself twice put there. The Ministries of 1868 and 1880 belong, however, to that mid-period, neither old nor quite new, which is said to fade most rapidly from the memory. Mr. GLADSTONE overleaps those dates to go back to the times of CASTLEREAGH and WELLINGTON. Lord CARLINGFORD, moreover, being out of Mr. GLADSTONE'S sight, is perhaps excusably out of mind. But how about Mr. JAMES BRYCE, who was sitting by his side on Monday afternoon? Mr. JAMES BRYCE is not only an Irishman, but an Ulster man; he is not only an Ulster man, but a Belfast man. He represents a return to those glorious traditions of Presbyterian sedition and revolt to which Mr. GLADSTONE invites the repentant North. From our point of view he is a sort of inverted ABDIEL—faithless found among the faithful, faithless only he—or nearly so. If Mr. GLADSTONE had said that not only from the first Cabinet in which he sat with the Duke of WELLINGTON

to the actual Cabinet in which he is sitting with Mr. BRYCE, but from the Act of Union to the present day, the capacity of Irishmen for the highest political functions has been proved and acknowledged, he would have been much nearer the truth than he was. We doubt whether Scotchmen, from DUNDAS to Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, show a much better record; though, counting Lord ROSEBURY, they are to the Irish as three to one in Mr. GLADSTONE'S present Cabinet. But then the Irish, represented by Mr. BRYCE, are to the Welsh as one to none. Must Wales have a Welsh Parliament to develop its latent political genius?

At the same time, there is no use in manufacturing dummy Irishmen to confute Mr. GLADSTONE. A note in a valued contemporary, which falls under our eye as we go to press, includes the second Lord LANSDOWNE, Lord DUNCANNON, Lord DUFFERIN, Major BERESFORD, and Mr. VANSITTART in the list of Irish Cabinet Ministers. The VANSITTART family, according to BURKE, was of German descent, and had been established in England for nearly two centuries. Lord DUFFERIN was never in the Cabinet; Lord LANSDOWNE and Lord DUNCANNON were of English birth, and with more English than Irish blood in them.

THE WALKING-STICK IN COUNCIL.

WE regret that the comparison should seem a little uncomplimentary to Mr. LEVESON GOWER, but really his resemblance to the walking-stick sent by a certain Spanish Governor of the Netherlands to represent him at a submissive Council of Flemish burghers was, on a recent occasion, so striking, that it is impossible to refrain from remarking upon it. To be sure, the parallel begins and ends with Mr. LEVESON GOWER's position, commission, and functions, and does not extend to the other actors in the scene in which he played this historic part. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners certainly do not resemble a submissive Council of Flemish burghers, and they showed not the slightest disposition to bow to the authority of the great man as thus transmitted through his representative. But the relations of that representative to the great man would really appear to be not much less mechanical than those of a serviceable, and not otherwise than ornamental, walking-cane to its owner; while it seems clear that the relations which Mr. GLADSTONE conceived to subsist between himself and the Ecclesiastical Commissioners were at least substantially analogous to those which obtained between the Spanish Governor and the Flemish Council. He must have thought that it was merely necessary to wave Mr. LEVESON GOWER but once before their eyes, and that they would instantly see the propriety of obeying his directions.

This, at least, is the only explanation of that remarkable Ecclesiastical Commissioner's conduct which does not make him too remarkable to be credible. The hypothesis that he was formally authorized by the Cabinet to dictate to the Commission the course which they should pursue, in a matter on which their duties are strictly regulated by statute, is directly negatived by quite a series of express Ministerial statements. Lord KIMBERLEY distinctly declared that no resolution had been arrived at by the Government on the subject; Mr. ASQUITH knew nothing of any message having been sent by the Government to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners; the LORD CHANCELLOR absolutely abounded in recognitions of their entire independence, and in acknowledgment that "Ministers had, and "could have, no right to do more than make representations to them, which they were free to receive or "to reject." Hence we are shut up to one of two conclusions as to what actually happened when the

Ecclesiastical Commissioners had under their consideration the scheme for detaching a district from the parish of Llandrillo and assigning it to the church of St. Paul, Colwyn. Either Mr. LEVESON GOWER, fired by the letter of protest from Mr. J. H. ROBERTS, which had been laid before the Board, must have suddenly felt moved to testify off his own bat, yet in the name of "HER MAJESTY'S Ministers," against the scheme, and at the same time have been visited and mastered by the hallucination that he had the authority of the whole Cabinet to do so; or else he had the "straight tip" from Mr. GLADSTONE himself, whom, by a confusion quite pardonable in the circumstances, he mistook for the whole Cabinet. We need hardly say which of these two suppositions more commends itself to the sane mind. The notion of Mr. LEVESON GOWER stating on his own account, or on anything short of the clearest directions from his chief, that "he was authorized on behalf of HER MAJESTY's Government to deprecate, in view of contemplated legislation, the assignment of any new district within the Welsh dioceses," could only present itself to a wildly inflamed imagination. No one can doubt that he was obeying orders from Mr. GLADSTONE, who was himself taking his orders from that well-known and commanding impulse of his character which makes him, when once the "odd man" has raised him temporarily to power, the equal in imperious arrogance of any Minister of an absolute monarchy who ever lived. One hardly knows which of the two things to admire most. There is a distinct fascination in the devout subservience with which the "juniorest" member of the Government receives and executes instructions from a Minister by whom he, in his capacity of Ecclesiastical Commissioner, has no more business to allow himself to be primed than he has to submit himself to the dictation of Mr. GEE of the Welsh vernacular press. But there is a charm also in the royal assumption on Mr. GLADSTONE's part that, from the moment when He announces that certain legislation is "contemplated," it is the duty of all HER MAJESTY's lieges to assume that it will become law; and that the discharge by any public body of statutory functions in such a manner as would seem to ignore that assumption is to be "deprecated." There is, in fact, a captivating *naïveté* about the behaviour of both the old and the young man in this case—the one so devoutly believing in the other, the other holding so deeply a religious faith in himself. They are admirably suited to each other, and, by action and reaction, develop each other's most characteristic qualities. We feel that only such a Dictator could count on such an instrument; and that it is such instruments that go far to make such Dictators.

THE LIBERAL-UNIONIST CLUB.

ON Tuesday night, while Mr. BALFOUR was exposing the futility of the Home Rule Bill, the Liberal-Unionist Club met in St. James's Hall to do honour to their late Senior Whip, Lord WOLMER. The Duke of DEVONSHIRE took the chair at the banquet, and delivered one of his most characteristic speeches, and Sir HENRY JAMES reminded the Liberal-Unionists that the introduction of the second Home Rule Bill marked the anniversary of their existence. Seven years ago their action defeated the Bill of 1886, and if in this interval of time they have ever doubted the expediency of the course they then took, this week's revelation must for ever have set their doubts at rest. During these years the Liberal-Unionists have been given the full credit due to their attitude. Some of them have not been backward in blowing the trumpet of their own disinterested loyalty, and the Conservative party have never been slow to

acknowledge the loyal and staunch support which has never failed them in any crisis of their term of office. Like all good things, that support has had to be paid for, and a country which was supposed to be longing for all the blessings of Local Government is now wondering whether the blessing was worth the payment it necessitates. These and some minor measures have gone to ensure the Radical-Unionist support, giving not more satisfaction to the democratic Conservative than it has caused uneasiness to the Liberal-Unionist Whig. Nothing is more interesting in the life of parties than to notice the change in the meaning of old watchwords, the inadequate description of political creeds under the old names. No one reading the speeches of the flower of that portion of the Liberal party which deserted Mr. GLADSTONE between 1880 and 1886 can doubt on whom the mantle of the old Conservative party rests to-day, while the reader of the speeches of some of the Tory party at this time cannot help feeling that the banner under which they should be ranged is that which waves over the Midland Counties.

Political prophecy is an incurable temptation ; but if anything could check it, the condition of the Liberal-Unionist party after the elections of 1892 might read a lesson to the prophets of all political creeds. They returned to Parliament in very slightly diminished numbers ; with an increase of Unionist fervour, with the confidence of those who have proved their strength and know their own worth, and their value in the eyes of the country. The cry now is, not that they will be "swept out of existence," but what they will do when such and such measures which they have advocated or resisted in the past, are brought forward ? Their answer will be ready when they again have helped to defeat a Bill which first called them to come out and be separate, and which till it is laid under their feet will occupy all their attention and all their energies. They have approved themselves in the eyes of the constituencies, which have marked their confidence by electing them a second time. Their mission is to hamper Mr. GLADSTONE in his il-Liberal action, and when that mandate is fulfilled, it will be time enough to settle their future.

What are the thoughts of those few who joined them in 1886, and then turned back ? Is that ex-Liberal-Unionist, the CHIEF SECRETARY for SCOTLAND, at ease about this new Bill ? Has it none of the vices and defects which he exposed with such force to the Hawick Burghs ? Was that Bill really "dead and buried," or has it been "resurrected" in all its injustice, its unworkable statutes ? "The way of transgressors is hard," and we confess our Christianity does not carry us the length of hoping that Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN is enjoying the position he now occupies.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE Irish members are, and HER MAJESTY'S Ministers most emphatically are not, to be complimented on the success of the manœuvres by which Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's speech was delayed on Thursday night. Nothing could well be more appropriate than that the Irish members should make a question of privilege out of the mistake committed by the *Times* when it treated what were properly inferences in a speech of Lord WOLMER's as statements of fact. It is absolutely true, no doubt, that the charges made by Lord WOLMER and the *Times* are weak echoes of those accusations against himself for which, said Mr. REDMOND, the Anti-Parnellites ought to be ashamed of themselves. The criticism is one which the Anti-Parnellites but retort on Mr. REDMOND. But members to a family quarrel are not bound to tolerate from outsiders the language they will endure from one another. So the Nationalists properly enough made the most of the error of the

Times, and did not fail to make that error look as large as possible by a judicious selection of passages from the incriminated article. It ought not, however, to have been a matter of course that they were to have the support of Ministers in what can, we presume, without risk of breach of privilege, be called garbling. Neither ought they to have been able to count on the support of the Ministry in the manœuvre by which they contrived to evade the danger incurred by their motion. It is obvious that many unpleasant things might have been said if the *Times* had been actually called to the Bar. This risk was cleverly, but not magnanimously, avoided by a merely declaratory motion, carrying no penalty. The relations of the Press to the privileges of Parliament form a subject upon which it is unnecessary to enter at large. But it must be clear to everybody that, if newspapers are not to be allowed to apply the finding of a judicial commission as to the source of the incomes of Irish members, and if they are not to be free to draw deductions from the experience of foreign countries as to the probable effect of payment of members, the House must at once claim to have returned to that state in which it was too sacrosanct to be criticised, commented upon, or even reported.

When, at last, Lord RANDOLPH's speech was delivered, it took its place admirably in the debate. The Bill had been attacked in the general outlines. Lord RANDOLPH fell upon special details. The task was almost as easy as it was necessary and amusing. When the facts are extracted from the maze of Mr. GLADSTONE's eloquence—as far, that is to say, as such a thing may be done—the intrinsic absurdity of the Bill as a working measure grows every moment on the examiner. The "facts" are, indeed, difficult to disentangle, for the reason that would make it hard to pitch locks of wool out of thistledown—the firmer substance is itself very soft. Still there are some approximate certainties which can be got at, and on these Lord RANDOLPH fixed with success. There, for instance, is the system of taxation under which the Irish tribute is to be levied. It had been already severely handled by Mr. BALFOUR. Without in the least repeating the arguments of his leader, Lord RANDOLPH left it in an even worse condition. Mr. BALFOUR had shown that it would deprive the Imperial Parliament of control of the Customs, and Lord RANDOLPH proved that it would give the Irish full power and every motive to extort loans on easy terms by the use of their eighty votes. The emptiness of the Irish exchequer—a not impossible condition—would be motive enough to induce the eighty honourable gentlemen from Ireland to use one of the dozen possible means of giving an Imperial character to every possible question. The utter want of any guarantee for minorities in the Bill had been plentifully pointed out ; but Lord RANDOLPH gave novelty to his criticism by fixing on the phrase of more than Gladstonian sponginess in which Mr. GLADSTONE spread darkness over the utterly illusory guarantee which he has provided. A something to be borrowed from an uncertain Amendment to the Constitution of the United States is certainly a guarantee of the vaguest character. That there is to be a right of appeal against nobody knows exactly what, and on grounds of which nobody has the least understanding—that much is clear. It also appears pretty certain that for most Irishmen the law will be of that equal kind which was enjoyed by the "journeyman bricklayer earning eighteen shillings a week" in the famous story. The position of the "civil and military forces in Ireland," again, is certainly one of those apparent impossibilities and impracticabilities which, as Mr. BRYCE observed, have grown in all ancient constitutions, and are therefore a recommendation in any entirely new one. The argument that if you wish an institution to work well, you should start it as a sham antique—which we take to be a legitimate deduction from Mr. BRYCE's doctrine—

is ingenious; but the House of Commons, which has not yet quite reached Laputa, will probably be more impressed by the question who is to give orders to the officer in command of HER MAJESTY's troops in Ireland. The passage on Ulster with which Lord RANDOLPH ended will, of course, be added to the list of Tory incitements to violence. When the unhappy provincial nobles of France combined for their protection against the revolutionary Jacquerie, they were accused of threatening "the people." In meek obedience to the Constituante and the King, many of them gave up their weapons at the order of M. le Maire, whereupon they were massacred by the sovereign people in the exercise of its natural right. Ulster will probably not follow their example.

THE POPE'S EPISCOPAL JUBILEE.

THE convention which accords special significance to a twenty-fifth and to a fiftieth anniversary also limits the application of that significance to certain events of rare recurrence. A twenty-fifth or a fiftieth birthday has nothing to mark it from a twenty-fourth or a fifty-first. But the same anniversaries of a wedding-day are a silver and a golden jubilee. The man who has celebrated his golden jubilee in domestic life may be said to have done with celebrations. But in the clerical career it is sometimes otherwise. Thus, in 1887 Pope Leo XIII. celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood, and next week he celebrates the fiftieth anniversary of his consecration as a bishop. Joachim Vincent Raphael Aloysius Pecci, at the College of Noble Ecclesiastics in Rome—the nursery of Cardinals—attracted the attention of Gregory XVI. as quickly as, fifteen years later, the more mature Manning attracted that of Pius IX.; and he was already attached to the Papal household when he received orders in 1837 at the hands of Cardinal Prince Odescalchi. The States of the Church required a good deal of governing then; and Leo XIII., however awkward in other ways he may find the present temporal dispossession of the Papacy, can hardly sigh for its return to such petty cares as occupied the first years of his priesthood, when, as Governor first of Benevento and then of Perugia, he warred against brigands, or visited bakers' shops to confiscate loaves that were light in weight, or repaired roads. After six years so spent, he was consecrated Archbishop of Damieta by Cardinal Lambruschini, and was sent as Nuncio to Brussels. That event was in the February of 1843; and hence the celebration now of his second Golden Jubilee. Such events might seem likely to pall on repetition within a space of six years; but there is no abatement in the enthusiasm with which the Pontiff is again greeted by his spiritual children. Fifty thousand pilgrims from all over Europe and America are gathered or gathering together in Rome, including some five thousand priests. Austria, France, Spain, and Portugal have instructed their ambassadors at the Vatican to offer official congratulations. The Belgian Government sends an address; and the King of the Belgians has had portraits of his parents—to whom the Pope was known—specially copied as a personal offering. The Sultan and the Tsar have written autograph letters; and the German Emperor, not to be outdone by Catholic or Moslem, has appointed delegates to bear to the Pontiff, against whom Bismarck was once pitted, both messages and gifts.

England's part in the Roman celebration is not unworthy of note. Over five hundred English pilgrims have left London this week; and these will be joined in Rome by five hundred more before the day on which they are received in special audience at the Vatican. There is no necessary connexion between pilgrimages and asceticism; and among the most gratuitous of smiles, therefore, are those directed against saloon carriages and a marshallion Duke for trippers to Rome, who are trippers with a purpose, and use another name to denote their errand. Even in Chaucer's time it was said of the lady pilgrim without reproach that her cloak was elegant—"full fetis was her cloke"; and the modern pilgrim does no discredit to her forerunners. Cardinal Vaughan will introduce his countrymen to the Pope, and the Duke of Norfolk will read an address. In 1887, when the Pope's first jubilee synchronized with

Queen Victoria's, and when there was an exchange of gifts and other courtesies between Windsor and the Vatican, the Duke of Norfolk was an envoy where now he presents himself as a simple pilgrim. For the repeated newspaper paragraphs which credit him with a mission from Her Majesty are without foundation. Lord Salisbury's Government encouraged in 1887 what Mr. Gladstone's apparently discourages now—an interchange of civilities between the head of the Roman Catholic Church and the Protestant Sovereign whose Roman Catholic subjects are counted by millions. It may be that Her Majesty will telegraph congratulations on the day itself, or—less likely—that she has appointed a delegate other than the Duke of Norfolk. Certainly the omission of her name from the roll on which that of nearly every other ruler in Europe is inscribed would be little less than a distress to the Pontiff, who has always held her in especial regard. His career and hers began as it were together, the year 1837 placing her on the throne and raising him to the priesthood. In Brussels, when he was Nuncio, he won the confidence of Leopold I. In a Pastoral Letter read last Sunday in a Roman Catholic diocese, a Bishop states that Archbishop Pecci met Queen Victoria at her uncle's Court; but we regard the statement only a little less suspiciously than we regard the assertions made elsewhere that the Queen, while at Brussels, invited him to dine at Windsor during a projected visit to London, and that he came to London as the guest of Lord Palmerston. As a matter of fact, the future Pope spent the month of February 1846 in London—his only visit here. For the first two days he stayed with the Brazilian Minister, the Marquis of Lisbon, and afterwards he hired apartments. He attended a reception at Lord Palmerston's, introduced by the Austrian Ambassador—a fact which will be news to the members of a gallant Club by whom these salons are now occupied. He attended, too, a reception at Court, but he was not specially presented to the Queen; and his most vivid reminiscence is, therefore, that of a visit to the House of Commons—where he heard—though he hardly understood—O'Connell. Perhaps some of these memories, to which he has never yet made public allusion, may enter into the speech which the Pontiff will address, with tremulous emphasis, to the group of English pilgrims who are to gather round his throne a few days hence.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA AT OXFORD.

AS a general rule the doings of undergraduate histrions can be of little interest to any human being but themselves. But the "record" of the "O. U. D. S." gives the Society and its members fair title to more general notice and consideration. During the last few years the Society has revived—and for the most part with conspicuous taste and skill—plays which, for obvious reasons, are seen but rarely on the public boards. In this way *Julius Caesar*, *Twelfth Night*, *King John*, and Browning's *Strafford* have been presented recently at the pretty little Oxford Theatre by University amateurs. Last year Shakspeare gave place to Aristophanes, with results which would seem to suggest the advisability of repeating the experiment. Undoubtedly, the performance of the *Frogs* marked the acme of success as yet attained by a Society which is still very juvenile compared with its hoary-headed prototype, the Cambridge A.D.C. This year the choice has fallen upon the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. The wisdom of the choice is open to question. Nor can it honestly be said that the performance has dissipated doubts. It is, of course, something to have seen the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*; and that something most of us owe to the O. U. D. S. For the stage history of the play is singularly thin and meagre. It appears to have been played at Covent Garden in the first decade of the century, with Kemble in the part of Valentine. But it did not survive a third performance. Again, it was presented at Covent Garden in 1821—on this occasion as an opera, in which guise it ran for twenty-nine nights. Finally, Phelps included it in his famous series of Shakspearian revivals at the "Wells." Since then it has never, if we mistake not, seen the light. Nor is it difficult to understand the reason. In parts full of a delicate and poetic grace, it is on the whole dramatically weak and ineffective. It belongs, of course, to the poet's earliest dramatic period—a fact established no less by internal than by external evidence.

Shakspeare was still feeling his way towards unfettered freedom of dramatic treatment. Hence, in the *Two Gentlemen* there is obvious constraint and caution and timidity of touch. For example, there is a certain stiff formality in the parallelisms of character. Proteus stands out contrasted with Valentine, Julia with Silvia, Launce with Speed, and so forth. The conclusion, too, is awkward and ineffectual, and reached more lamely, perhaps, than in any other of the comedies. With all its defects, however, the play abounds with obvious anticipations of excellences to be realized by the poet in his later work, and has, therefore, a peculiar interest for the Shakspearian student.

The present revival is remarkable chiefly for two things—fidelity to the text, and for the excellence of the staging and the *mise-en-scene*. The principal “sets”—executed very cleverly by an artist of the local theatre—have been specially designed for the occasion by a former member of the O. U. D. S., Mr. E. H. Clark. They are at once faithful and beautiful, and would do no discredit to a revival destined to a long run at one of the West End houses. The general arrangement of the play was committed to another old member of the Society, Mr. Alan Mackinnon, of Trinity, whose practised and cunning hand is apparent from first to last.

To the performance itself it would be at once unfair and unsafe to apply a highly critical standard. The O. U. D. S. has not recovered the loss of Mr. H. B. Irving, who was so much to the fore in *Strafford* and *King John*, nor of its older veterans, Mr. Arthur Bourchier, Mr. Mackinnon, and Mr. Clark. Aristophanic humour served last year to cover their retreat; but this year they are sorely missed. In Mr. A. Ponsonby, however, the Society possesses a low comedian of undeniable promise. His Launce was the one notable hit of the performance, though it would be unfair to ignore the contribution made by his clever dog Crab to the completeness of his triumph. Mr. Ponsonby's Launce, excellent in itself, curiously recalled, in voice, gesture, and make-up, one of the earliest triumphs of the Philothesprians (the parent of the O. U. D. S.), the Lancelot Gobbo of Mr. W. Bromley Davenport, now M.P. for Macclesfield. In Mr. Bennin, of Trinity, who played Speed, Mr. Ponsonby found an excellent foil. Indeed, the comedy scenes between the two servants were the only ones which aroused the audience to anything like enthusiasm. To this statement perhaps one exception should be admitted. The hilarity with which the appearance, doings, and sayings of the brigand outlaws were greeted may be said almost to have amounted to enthusiasm. It need hardly be said that the humour was unconscious. To us it has always been a marvel why, in a performance given by an undergraduate Society, the smaller parts should be so inadequately filled. Presumably, such a Society should have a large field of educated men to draw upon. It may be that the “higher education” despises the smaller parts. The result, at any rate, is at once unlooked for and unfortunate. Thus the performance is really weakest where it might be expected to be strongest—in the *ensemble*. We do not look for Irvings, Toolies, or Trees among the principals; we do expect some fair level of educated intelligence in the exponents of the smaller parts. But we expect in vain.

Of the “Two Gentlemen,” one, Valentine, is played by Mr. H. T. Whitaker, of Ch. Ch.; the other, Proteus, by Mr. A. H. Browne, of Balliol. Mr. Whitaker's conception of the part is manly and simple, and the execution is graceful and picturesque. Mr. Vans Best is well suited in Thurio, and Mr. C. A. Peacock in Eglamour.

For several years past the Society has been fortunate enough to obtain the assistance of the well-known amateur Mrs. Charles Sim. Most notable was her performance of the grief-stricken Constance in *King John*. As Julia, in the present representation, Mrs. Sim is scarcely so well suited. In the latter scenes, when she appears in boy's attire, she is excellent, and, indeed, her performance is throughout intelligent and picturesque. But it is unequal. As Silvia Mrs. Hubert Morris looked most charming, while dramatically she was quite equal to the part. In the small part of Lucetta (Julia's waiting-woman) Miss Farmer did all that was necessary.

A word of praise is due to Mr. F. Cunningham Woods, of Exeter, for the incidental music, which was appropriate and unobtrusive, and carefully performed by an orchestra selected and conducted by the composer. A similar compliment

must be paid to Mr. H. J. Rowlands, also of Exeter, whose beautiful tenor voice was heard to great advantage in Schubert's setting of “Who is Sylvia?”

It must be owned frankly that the performance was not equal in interest to other efforts of the O. U. D. S., but he would be but a sour person who refrained from expressing genuine gratitude to the Society for putting on the stage—and with tasteful luxuriance—a Shakspearian comedy which few playgoers of the younger generation have had any opportunity of seeing. As long as the O. U. D. S. does such work, and does it well, it will more than justify its existence.

AMERICAN FOOTBALL.

IT is now some time since the American first took to himself the distinction of owning individual and national institutions other than those of his methods of commerce and his manner of dining. He claims a school of art, owns, as we know, a distinct style in literature, and in architecture has developed results quite as distinctive as Ionic or Gothic, and infinitely more surprising. In the light of these events it is a pity that he does not acknowledge his theory of the game of football as his own. But it is still extensively referred to in the United States as an English game, and is by many people regarded as the crowning feature of a depraved Anglomania. Those of the inner circle, indeed, admit a similarity only between their rules and those known as the Rugby Union; upon which they consider they have improved.

It is admitted on all sides that, played under the most favourable circumstances, and by men who would consider a loss of temper almost equivalent to a loss of honour, football under Rugby Union rules is a reasonably dangerous game. Played as it is in America, it seems admirably adapted for paying off old grudges, and proving conclusively that good-humoured pluck and skill are no match for savage brutality and irrelevant violence. To an aspirant for honours in the American football field we would say, “My son, learn boxing. Learn football also, if possible, but first learn the art of self-defence.”

Moreover, the pernicious practices are not exercised secretly (except with regard to the umpire), but are tacitly recognized as a part and parcel of the game. True, if a man is caught fighting he may be ruled out of the match. It is made a logical outcome of this law that six or eight reserve men are always ready equipped to take the places of any detected bruisers. The thinking man can and does easily improve the occasion. If he feels exhausted as the short winter afternoon is drawing in, he can watch until he catches the umpire's eye, “slug” a diminutive opponent, and have his place occupied by one seven times more wicked than himself. Or, being but a player of mediocre ability, he can yet provoke to a merry bout of fistcuffs one whose ability in the game is greater, and may thus bring about the retirement of both, sacrificing his own Pawn self for the opponent Knight. The American asserts that his game is the more scientific, which, from a certain point of view, is self-evident.

At a match that raged last November between the Boston and Chicago teams, the lovers of this noble sport must have thoroughly enjoyed themselves. The headlines of the daily paper inform us that “all society” was present, and that “fashionables viewed the contest.” Almost at the beginning of the game “came the sound of hardened fists beating against flesh, and the shrieks of wild wrath.” A little later we find that “fists are flying, and blood comes from nose and cheek.” By way of justification the reporter hastens to inform us in the next line that “pretty girls clap their hand exultantly.” The players then appear to have lapsed into what must have been very like a game of football, but not for long, for they “got to blows again.” At last the referee, who up to this time appears to have been contentedly “resplendent in yellow-kid gloves,” interferred, and implacably ordered one of the heroes off the field, disregarding his ingenious argument, “The ball was not in play, so you cannot object.” This decision appears to have had some effect on the bloodthirsty, and comparative peace was not only restored, but for a space maintained. Interest in the game was here quickened by one player developing the curious faculty of “running like a ghost,” a feat both novel and surprising, being, we believe, entirely

without precedent. Hood has, indeed, left it on record that the wraith of one Bill Blossom "refused to walk," but that was because he was used to riding—he never even hinted at running. Small wonder that a player gifted with so weird a talent for locomotion "dashes by all opponents."

It must not be supposed, however, that the main feature of the game was to remain long in abeyance. Indeed, the reporter mentions with approval that "there had been a fair share of slugging up to this time." The players themselves seem to have felt that they had scarcely risen to the occasion; so, time being short, like the men-at-arms of brave Lord Willoughby, "beating up their colours, The fight they did renew." One of the Chicago team "to vary the monotony went over" (off side, we presume), "and dropped" a Bostonian "with a swing in the jaw in truly Corbett style." Whereupon the damaged player arose "and began thumping every Chicagoan in sight by way of retaliation" until, "just to steady him," some one "thumped him on the right cheek." And yet, with all this open to her, the American woman persists in feeling injured because there is a law forbidding her attendance at prize-fights. Some people are never content.

This list of casualties has not been published. But on one day (October 24th) of the year 1891, we find, on reference to a newspaper of that date, a series of reports of football games from various parts of the country. At one game we read of eight players being knocked senseless, one having his ear cut off; at another three men seriously injured; and during the progress of a third one player had his shoulder dislocated and another a finger broken. Six of the football team of a prominent American College were, at the end of the '91 season, inmates of a hospital.

[The passages quoted are taken verbatim from the *Chicago Daily Tribune*, November 25, 1892.]

MONEY MATTERS.

THE long-expected currency crisis in the United States appears to be at last entering the acute stage. It was evident to every thoughtful observer that the issue of legal-tender notes in payment for silver must some time or other become excessive. When that time came, it was clear that gold would be forced out of the circulation and sent abroad, and that when the public came to realize the process gold would be hoarded, and would then go to a premium. For fully two years gold has been exported in very considerable amounts, but recently the exports have become alarmingly great. They have been at the rate of about a million sterling per week. If that rate is maintained, it will not be very long before all the gold in the Treasury is drained away. Already, indeed, the effect upon the Treasury has been practically to take out all the free gold—all the gold, that is, which is not ear-marked for the outstanding gold certificates, or held as a reserve to secure the exchangeability of the greenbacks—and the Treasury would either have to draw upon these two funds or declare itself unable to pay out gold, were it not that the New York banks have come to its assistance and lent it about 2 millions sterling in the metal. If the Treasury were to refuse to pay out gold, then it is almost certain the metal would go to a premium; for everybody would know that nowhere else could it be got freely, and every one who had to make payments in gold would consequently become alarmed. On the other hand, if the Treasury allowed its gold reserve to fall below the sum requisite for redeeming the gold certificates and serving as a reserve for the greenbacks, there would be likewise alarm. It is a wise step, therefore, to borrow at once from the banks, but it is obvious the measure is wise only if it is purely temporary. The present Administration and the present Congress will cease to exist on the 4th of March. They may hesitate, therefore, to do anything definitely binding the country. Indeed, Congress is so divided between those who are in favour of silver and those who are opposed, that legislation has become impossible, especially in the Senate; while the President and the Secretary of the Treasury may well think that, as in a few weeks now a new Administration will come into power, it is better to leave a free choice to it as far as can be done. But it would be absurd of the United States Government to go on borrowing gold for any length of time. The gold would be exported, as it is being exported at present, and so a debt would simply be run up for the purpose

of buying silver that nobody wants. There are two policies, either of which would be a complete settlement of the existing difficulty. One is to repeal the Silver Purchase Act immediately, and so stop the issue of new notes. It is clear that the currency is already redundant, otherwise gold would not be driven out of the country at such an alarming rate. Consequently, a further creation of currency is not required for some time. By-and-bye more currency may be required, but there is time enough for Congress to consider what form of currency will ultimately be adopted. For the present, the urgent business is to reassure the public, and that would be done by stopping the purchases of silver, and if necessary borrowing gold enough to make it certain that the Treasury would be in a position to fulfil all its engagements. Probably these two measures would at once restore confidence and stop the gold shipments. A second course which would be equally decisive would be to allow the gold to go and adopt silver as the single standard of value. Throughout the older and richer States there would be a very strong objection to this, and there is little likelihood, therefore, that it will be done. But if the public could make up its mind to let the gold go and adopt a silver standard, no real harm would be done to the United States, and probably the world at large, including the United States, would be greatly benefited. The United States are rich enough to obtain all the gold they require for international purposes, let their standard of value be whatever it may. At home they do not require gold, and a silver standard, therefore, would be quite sufficient. At the same time the transmission of gold from the United States to Europe would increase the supply of the metal in Europe, and so would tend to put an end to the scramble for gold; while the new demand of the United States for silver would almost certainly lead to a great rise in the value of that metal. But it seems useless to discuss the point, for the capitalist classes throughout the United States will not listen to a single silver standard; and, if they will not, the true course to adopt is to repeal the Silver Purchase Act, and adopt whatever other measures may be necessary to restore confidence. If this is not done soon, the crisis may become very serious indeed.

The troubles in the United States have not as yet affected any department of business in this country as much as might reasonably have been expected. So much gold has been exported from New York, and continues to be exported, that the Continental demand is freely supplied. That demand, therefore, is much less eager than it was, and the fear, consequently, that very large withdrawals of gold from the Bank of England might take place has abated. Even the Revenue collections, large as they always are at this period of the year, have not sufficed to make money dear. Bankers and bill-brokers, however, would do well to remember that, if there is a crisis in the United States, our market must inevitably be disturbed. For example, if the American Government decides upon issuing a large loan for 10, or 20, or 30 millions sterling, as the case may be, for the express purpose of getting gold, the gold in the ultimate resort will mainly have to come out of the Bank of England. We fear that those who are engaged in the money market do not sufficiently consider this eventuality.

Even the silver market has been less disturbed than one would anticipate. True, trade is active in India just now, and the Indian demand consequently both for silver and for India Council bills and telegraphic transfers is large. But it ought never to be forgotten that at any moment the American purchases of silver may cease. The existing Congress up to the present has refused to repeal the Purchase Act, but it may change its mind within an hour; and even if it does not, it is reasonably certain that Mr. Cleveland will call the new Congress together at a very early period, and then the repeal may take place. At all events, all who are engaged in the trade with the silver-using countries ought to keep constantly before their minds that a crisis in the United States is extremely probable, and ought, therefore, to be most cautious how they act.

Stock Exchange operators in New York are not as confident as they were, though they are more confident than the circumstances warrant. On Saturday and Tuesday last very nearly a million sterling in gold was shipped from New York. To-day it is expected that 600,000l. more will be exported. The Treasury is in such a position that it is again asking for a loan from the banks, and on their side the banks are urging the Treasury to issue long-dated bonds so as to get enough of gold at once. In such a state o

things one would naturally expect grave apprehension in New York, an entire stoppage of speculation, and the most cautious avoidance of all risks. But the operators profess the hope that something or other will happen to prevent a disturbing crisis, and so there has not been so much fall as might have been looked for, nor even as much decrease in speculation. Happily in our own market speculators are better advised. The public has long held aloof, and even speculators are not entering into much risk. Furthermore, as holders in this country have been selling American securities for over two years, it is reasonably to be hoped that, whatever may happen, this country will not suffer much from any fall in Stock Exchange securities. Trade, no doubt, will be more or less affected, and confidence will be shaken, but there will not be a great impoverishment of the holders of securities. The crisis in New York has also checked speculation in other directions, and business of all kinds upon the Stock Exchange is quiet, although high-class securities are excessively high. Upon the Continent, on the other hand, the recent scare has passed away, and there is an unhealthy speculation. To some extent, no doubt, it is due to re-purchases by speculative sellers; but there is also a speculation for the rise which is not a little dangerous.

On Wednesday the Bank of England called together the Baring guarantors for half a million sterling and more, and laid before them a proposal for extending the guarantees beyond the present year. There is naturally much dissatisfaction amongst the smaller guarantors, who say, with much reason, that they had as much right to be consulted as the greater guarantors; and, further, the announcement that the guarantees have to be continued is looked upon unfavourably. It keeps a danger hanging over the market, and it shows that the liquidation is not proceeding as favourably as was supposed. It has been officially announced that the meeting was favourable to the proposal of the Bank of England; but the representatives of the joint-stock banks stated that they must take time to consider the proposal. Some of them, indeed, say they will adhere to the guarantee terms formulated in November 1890.

Consols closed on Thursday afternoon at $98\frac{1}{2}$, being a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of $99\frac{1}{2}$. Indian Sterling Three per Cents closed at $99\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$; New Zealand Three and a Halfs closed at 97 , a rise of $\frac{1}{4}$; but Queensland Three and a Halfs closed at $88\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of $\frac{3}{4}$; and Victoria Three and a Halfs closed at $88\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$. In the Home railway market Caledonian Undivided closed at 121 , a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{4}$; but London and North-Western closed at $174\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of 1 ; Midland closed at $160\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of $1\frac{1}{2}$; and North-Eastern closed at $159\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$. The market has been depressed in consequence of Mr. Mundella's speech on the Rates question. In the American market shares have been neglected, even dividend-paying shares being somewhat lower. Milwaukees closed on Thursday at $81\frac{1}{2}$, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of $12\frac{1}{2}$, and Lake Shore closed at $131\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$. But bonds have been fairly well maintained, even those of a somewhat speculative character. Thus, Denver Fours closed at $90\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$. Argentine railway stocks are generally higher for the week. Central Argentine, for example, closed on Thursday at $68\frac{1}{2}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{2}$; Buenos Ayres Great Southern Ordinary closed at $117-19$, a rise of 1 ; and Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary closed at $78-80$, a rise of 3 . The Government loans are unchanged. Brazilian Four and a Halfs closed at 75 , a rise of 2 ; Egyptian Unified closed at $99\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$; French Rentes closed at $97\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$; Hungarian Fours closed at $96\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$; Italian Fives closed at $91\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$; Russian Fours closed at $99\frac{1}{2}$, also a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$; and Spanish Fours closed at $62\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of 1 . But the greatest change of the week is in Greek bonds. Those of 1881 , for example, closed on Thursday at 70 , a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of no less than 6 .

RECENT CONCERTS.

THE only orchestral concert of importance which has taken place this month was the Fifth Symphony Concert, given at St. James's Hall on the 2nd inst., under Mr. Henschel's conductorship. Additional interest was

given to this performance by the appearance of a new choir, which was heard in Mendelssohn's "Hear my Prayer," and the "Gruss an Hans Sachs," from the last act of *Die Meistersinger*. Neither of these pieces presents any difficulty, but it was evident that Mr. Henschel has got together a strong body of voices, good alike in tone and in precision of attack. The tenors—as usual with London choirs—would bear strengthening, and the roughness inevitable from the over-energy of the choir wants decidedly toning down; these are defects which will probably disappear with further practice. The Solo in Mendelssohn's Hymn was sung by Mrs. Henschel, whose voice is hardly strong enough to do it justice. She was heard to much greater advantage in a graceful Recitative and Air from the first act of Massenet's *Esclarmonde*. The orchestral playing at this concert was unusually good, and reflects much credit on Mr. Henschel's conducting.

At Mr. Chappell's Popular Concerts there have lately been some interesting programmes. On the evening of the 30th ult. Miss Fanny Davies brought forward five pianoforte pieces by Brahms, Nos. 1 and 3 of Op. 117, and Nos. 3, 4, and 7 of Op. 116. These little Intermezzi are the Viennese master's latest published works, and they were played by Miss Davies for the first time in public in England. Each is in its way a gem, and all are strongly marked with the stamp of Brahms's idiosyncrasy. Their form is in every case strictly classical, though in one instance the composer has used what seems to be a Scotch tune, and in another he has introduced a strongly Hungarian local colour. They were well played by Miss Davies, but would probably have proved more effective in the hands of a player of more vigorous style. Another novelty in the programme was a set of five Vocal Quartets, with pianoforte accompaniment by Mr. Henschel; they are all extremely cleverly written, and their performance by the composer, Mrs. Henschel, Mlle. Janson, and Mr. Shakespeare was loudly applauded. The third of the series—"Verschiedene Trauer"—is the most attractive; the fourth, a "Schifferlied," is also very taking, though, if the rhythm is intended to represent the beat of oars, the composer must be in the habit of rowing an uncommonly fast stroke. On Saturday, the 11th, Dvorák's romantic pianoforte Quintet was performed by Mr. Leonard Borwick, Lady Hallé, Messrs. Ries, Straus, and Piatti. Mr. Borwick also gave an extremely fine performance of Beethoven's Variations in C minor; his playing has matured rapidly, and he now has a breadth of style and a command of expression which place him in the first rank of pianists. In an encore he gave Brahms's clever transcription of Gluck's Gavotte in *Iphigenia*. Lady Hallé introduced a very graceful Romanza for violin and piano, by Signor Piatti, which she played with such finish that she was forced to respond to an encore with Leclair's well-known "Tambourin." The vocalist was Miss Louise Phillips, who was heard at her best in Brahms's beautiful "Wie froh und frisch." Her last song was Arthur Somervell's "Home they brought her warrior dead," an effective setting of Tennyson's lines which would probably suit a contralto better than a soprano voice.

Last Monday new life seemed infused into the Popular Concerts by the reappearance of Dr. Joachim, who led Beethoven's Rasoumowski Quartet in C major and Haydn's fine and seldom heard Quartet in B minor (Op. 64, No. 6) with all the splendid qualities which have so long given him a unique position among violinists. It was gratifying to discover at once that the great artist was playing as well as ever; his solos—an Adagio from a Concerto of Spohr's and a Capriccio by Gade—were followed by such a burst of applause that he was forced to give the Saraband and Double from Bach's Partita in B minor as an encore. Though Dr. Joachim's playing was naturally the great attraction of the concert, the other performances were decidedly above the average. Miss Agnes Zimmermann has not for a long time played so well as she did in Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques," and she thoroughly deserved the encore which was demanded, and to which she responded by playing Hermann John's transcription of the Gavotte from Gluck's *Don Juan*. The vocalist was Miss Liza Lehmann, who revived the air, "Vien' quà, Dorina bella," upon which Weber wrote a set of pianoforte variations once very popular. It is a pretty little song, and suits Miss Lehmann to perfection. According to the programme, the composer

was Francesco Bianchi, a writer of operatic music of some note; but the style of the music points to its being more probably by Giacomo Bianchi, who published several sets of Italian canzonettas towards the beginning of the present century.

Amongst other recent concerts of chamber music the most noteworthy have been those given by Mr. Dannreuther on the 9th and by Señor Sarasate on the 10th. At the former a new Trio for pianoforte, violin, and viola, by Mr. Emil Kreuz, produced a decidedly favourable impression. Without being strikingly original, it is well written and melodious, and has the great merit of compression—a quality too often absent from the works of young composers. Extremely fine performances of Brahms's Pianoforte Quartet, Op. 25, and of Beethoven's Pianoforte Trio in B flat, Op. 97, were also included in the programme, the only vocal number being Dr. Hubert Parry's beautiful setting of Shakespeare's sonnet, "When in disgrace with fortune," which Miss Anna Williams sang with so much expression that she was forced to repeat it.

At Señor Sarasate's Concert the Spanish violinist was heard at his best in Raff's Sonata (Op. 73) for pianoforte and violin, in the similar work by Saint-Saëns (Op. 75), and the Concertstück in A, Op. 20, by the last-named composer. In all these his performances were excellent; perhaps slightly wanting in breadth, but finished to perfection, and wonderful in tone and technique. Unfortunately these are not the qualities which most appeal to Señor Sarasate's audiences, and the latter part of the programme consisted of various arrangements of Spanish airs and dances, in which the trickiness of the execution, though artistically of small value, called forth great enthusiasm. The piano part of the Sonatas was well played by Mme. Berthe Max, who was encored for a remarkable performance of an extremely difficult study by C. Alkan. Want of space prevents our noticing in detail the second of Mr. Dolmetsch's delightful performances of Old English music, which took place at Barnard's Inn Hall last Tuesday. The programme was full of interest, and included compositions by King Henry VIII., Weekes, Lawes, Deering, Morley, Micho, Lanear, Wilson, Simpson, Jenkins, and J. S. Bach. The concerted pieces for viols and harpsichord were the most effective numbers; but a fine song by Lawes, "Come, heavy souls," produced a marked impression, and Lanear's quaint "Thou art not faire" had to be repeated. Miss Hélène Dolmetsch's clever playing of Christopher Simpson's Second Set of Divisions on a Ground, for the viol-da-gamba, also elicited an encore.

THE SIGNORELLI EXHIBITION.

THE organisers of the exhibition of works by Luca Signorelli and his school at the Burlington Fine Arts Club may be congratulated on the result of an undertaking which must have proved exceedingly interesting, even if it had been less complete than it is. They have brought together seventeen works, and these include all, with two or three exceptions—apart from those in the National Gallery—in Great Britain and Ireland which are undisputed productions of the Cortona master. With these are associated three drawings, two of which are of the highest value, and a representative series of photographs of the painter's works in foreign galleries and of the immortal frescoes at Orvieto and elsewhere. With regard to the frescoes, in which Signorelli's distinction as an originator, and a figure in the history of Italian art, is most incontestably proclaimed, it is regrettable that the method of transference has not in all cases proved to be satisfactory. On the other hand, considering the present condition of frescoes in Italy that have not been so treated, it may be reasonably urged that the transference, when judiciously executed, may be said to make for preservation, and be a distinct gain. It may be termed a spiritual translation. Such, it seems to us, is the beauty of colour that charms us in Mr. Ludwig Mond's "Story of Coriolanus" (17), portion and parcel of the famous series painted for the Petrucci Palace, at Siena, in conjunction with Pinturechio. For the rest, the paintings here shown illustrate two questions upon which experts and historians have naturally been deeply exercised. On the one hand, there is the question of the influence impressed upon so masterful and robust a painter by

Piero della Francesca, and, on the other hand, Signorelli's influence on the work of Michelangelo. In both directions, perhaps, there has been some exaggeration. The latter influence we might admit as considerable if we had more to show for it. For example, the wonderful fragment of some lost "Descent from the Cross," exhibited in Mr. K. Muir Mackenzie's "Man on a Ladder" (2), might well be accepted as evidence of one of the grandest paintings that the world has lost. When we consider the most probable of conjectural dates at which it may be fixed, it must appear as a work born out of due time, and one of those puzzling manifestations of Signorelli's genius which continue to vex the critic's mind. As to purely Francescan influence, we have high authority, as well as tolerably conclusive evidence, in Sir F. Burton's very interesting picture "The Flagellation" (5). We confess, with regard to Lord Carlisle's delightful "St. George and the Dragon" (16), that the Michelangelesque style some excellent authorities discern is by us somewhat less perceptible. The splendid "Pieta" (13) lent by Sir John Stirling Maxwell, and "The Feast in the House of Simon" (1), from the National Gallery of Ireland, are typical examples of Signorelli's unfettered conceptional spirit and his command of passionate, expressive, and glowing colour. In Sir F. Cook's fragments of a "Baptism of Christ" (10, 11) we have astonishing proofs, indeed, of monumental work, unhappily lost, yet such as incites the imagination to recast from the magnificent relics preserved to us. Other fragments of a less heroic quality, though extremely characteristic, are Mr. R. H. Benson's small panels, "The Journey to Emmaus" and "The Supper at Emmaus" (6, 7). In conclusion, we may note that the comparison suggested by the author of the Catalogue between the beautiful "Virgin and Child" (9) from the Roscoe Collection at the Liverpool Institute, and Mr. Benson's so-called variation (8), with the wonderful arabesque background, seems a trifle strained. The former may be the earlier work, but we should not admit as much, as the Catalogue does, from the quality of the modelling.

THE THEATRES.

MESSRS. Seymour Hicks and Laurence Irving must have been conscious, in adapting the late Mr. Sheridan Lefanu's novel, *Uncle Silas*, to stage purposes that they were undertaking an extremely difficult task, and one which we are tempted to declare impossible, notwithstanding that a work of the kind has already been performed. The play represented at the Shaftesbury Theatre last Monday afternoon is made to begin with a scene at Bartramhaugh, where, indeed, the whole action of the piece occurs, and where we are shown the dissolute life led by Silas, his partial renunciation by Austin, and the murder of Charke. For purposes, no doubt, of costume, these incidents are put back to 1785, the remainder of the play taking place seventeen years later. The first act, only in part suggested by the author, is incomparably the best piece of work in the adaptation, though it suffers from the defect that it destroys all possibility of wholesome sympathy with Silas. In the novel, Maud and her father firmly believe in his innocence. Here he commits one murder and attempts another, the motive in each case being a monetary gain. All the picturesque writing and acting in the world will fail to raise him from the status of a vulgar criminal. Silas's passionate declaration of the reasons why he has chosen to disgrace the family name is an extremely powerful if theatrical passage, and was given with fine eloquent effect by Mr. Haviland. The second act is not so good as the first; it is much too talky, and the third and fourth acts simply fall to pieces. All the religious element is cut out, alike with regard to Austin, who makes but one appearance, and Silas, whose real or pretended piety finds no place in the play. Dudley strangles Mme. de la Rougière, made a comparatively young and attractive person, not in mistake, but to save Maud; and Lefanu's slight love interest is also absent. Had the adaptors been able to maintain the level of the first act—or, rather, prologue—a strong dramatic study might have been the result; but as the play goes on their want of experience becomes more obvious, and their grip of the story loosens. The appointment of Silas, whom Austin may not have suspected of the murder, but did know to have been a

reprobate, as Maud's guardian would have killed a stronger play. Long speeches of an old-fashioned melodramatic type abound, and greater care might have been taken not to contrast them too violently with some slangy expressions of much more modern date. On the whole, Messrs. Hicks and Irving have written a plucky dramatic exercise, with a result which, if not entirely successful, is by no means discreditable. The central figure, that of Silas, was played throughout by Mr. W. Haviland with consistent force and intelligence. Mr. Laurence Irving modestly appeared in the small part of Austin, in which, though he naturally failed to give the impressive austerity of the Austin of the book, a man seventeen years older than the one of the play, his bearing was distinguished, and he acted firmly, and spoke his lines distinctly. Mr. Seymour Hicks played the lout Dudley rather less boorishly than Lefanu drew him. Miss Violet Vanbrugh made as much as probably could be made of a rather colourless sketch of Maud, not a very strong character in the original work. Apart from the fact that it was conceived as a modern Audrey of a conventional kind, Miss Irene Vanbrugh's Millicent was bright and good. The trial of conventional melodrama was also over Miss Florence Cowell's Mme. de la Rougière; but in criticizing this production, it would be unfair to forget that the play is the work of young hands, or that the capital representation was entrusted to a scarcely less youthful company.

Allendale, produced at a Strand Theatre *matinée* on Tuesday, is the work of Messrs. Eden Philpotts and G. B. Burgin, who style it a comedy. It partakes of the character both of farce and comedy, though the former largely preponderates. The character of a retired civil servant, who dreads his succession to a pauper peerage, but has it forced upon him, is capable of either treatment. The authors have adopted both with no very happy result. Ample room exists for both; but unfortunately the power to blend them is clearly wanting, and the union is mechanical and incongruous. The humour is of a feeble and scrappy kind. Cleverish lines abound, but they are forced and seem out of place in the play, whatever may have been the case in the book from which, we understand, the former has been taken. The very modern young man with a languid objection to do anything because "it has been done before," and who bewails the wealth his relatives have derived from soap, is not particularly new, and was not entirely diverting when he had some claim to originality. Truth to tell, here he is rather wearisome, and, in spite of the obvious opinion of his creators, a bit of a snob. He is, however, made the vehicle of some cheap new humour, and that for present purposes must be held to justify his momentary existence. The mistake in sending the letters, one forbidding a matrimonially-minded widow the house, and the other making an offer of marriage; the shameless widow herself, her conduct in taking forcible possession of the new peer, are all farcical conventions from the remote ages. The slight sentimental interest is pretty enough, but it is, unfortunately, quite out of keeping with the farcical side of the story, and so goes for nothing. Mr. Charles Groves worked with great energy, and at first not without success, to give effect to the part of Lord Allendale, but it was absolutely painful in the last act to see an artist of his skill and experience going through what was neither more nor less than an exhibition of clowning. Mr. William Wyers gave a gratefully humorous sketch of Chizzleton Tubb, and Mr. Cairns James was discreetly vacuous as the modern young man. Miss M. A. Victor, who is always sound, played the widow; Mrs. Henry Leigh, another valuable actress, represented a housekeeper; Miss Eva Moore was bright and graceful as a young Canadian lady. She wisely did not attempt a perceptible twang, being content with the "guesses" and "reckons" with which the authors indicated her place of origin. Miss Kate Ruskin, as the *ingénue*, had one pretty little passage which she interpreted naturally and well. Mr. Julius Knight is not to be congratulated upon the staginess which marked his performance of a young lover. The general impression left by this play is that the young school are absolutely dependent upon the stage conventions they affect to despise, and that they do not use them skilfully.

CLEARING THE DECKS.

(*W. E. G. loquitur.*)

I.

MINISTRIES rise and Ministries fall,
(*Hey! ho! the Treasury Bench!*)
Delight treads close on the heels of Pain,
And here we bring in a Bill again.

(*Up, messmates all, and clear the decks,
For lo! my foot is on their necks!*)

II.

Yet many there be that gather not,
(*Hey! ho! the Treasury Bench!*)
Many a sailor, true and tried,
Will stand no longer by my side.
(*Here's "Absent Friends" and clear the decks,
For lo! my foot is on their necks!*)

III.

Will they not share these joys of mine?
(*Hey! ho! the Treasury Bench!*)
Burn they not with desire, like Eve's
When she saw the Serpent behind the leaves?
(*Well, let them go, and clear the decks,
For lo! my foot is on their necks!*)

IV.

Twenty and thirty years ago,
(*Hey! ho! the Treasury Bench!*)
With the Liberal flag in the breeze unfurled,
We put to sea to perfect the world.
(*A goodly host—but clear the decks,
For lo! my foot is on their necks!*)

V.

And now that host is scattered afar,
(*Hey! ho! the Treasury Bench!*)
While from the rout on triumphant wings
I soar to new and undreamed-of things.
(*Up, boys, for Home Rule clear the decks,
For lo! my foot is on their necks!*)

VI.

With—Zeus on his throne!—what a dingy rout!
(*Hey! ho! the Treasury Bench!*)
Following now, with the old ones gone,
Screaming like crows round carrion.
(*New lamps for old—pshaw! clear the decks,
For lo! my foot is on their necks!*)

VII.

The Captain's cabin's a lonely place,
(*Hey! ho! the Treasury Bench!*)
What hath this glorious triumph cost,
What have I gained and what have I lost?
(*Avaunt! remembrance—clear the decks,
For lo! my foot is on their necks!*)

REVIEWS.

BOMBAY AND WESTERN INDIA.*

IF miscellaneous and discursive reading, gilt-edged leaves and good print, portraits of distinguished men and views of Eastern forts and palaces, coupled with a dedication to a Royal Duke and Duchess, ought to turn out a work of permanent interest, these two volumes might have achieved such a result. The author has spent some time in India, and has consulted official records, travels, diaries, correspondence, and all accessible sources of information. Unluckily he has not followed up his research by judicious selection and compression of redundant materials. There is neither method nor sequence, historical or biographical, in his arrangement. Muhammadan potentates and Mahratta robbers are sandwiched between chapters on Bombay in the olden time, and such notabilities as Sterne's Eliza Draper and the head of the commercial house of Forbes. Copious notes threaten to swamp the text. Scraps of poetry from Scott, Byron,

* *Bombay and Western India: a Series of Stray Papers.* By James Douglas. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co. 1893.

Hogg, Heber, Burns, Thackeray, and the Scotch version of the Psalms, are profusely scattered all over the letterpress. Although the author anticipates and really invites criticism by pleading that he is not a student nor a literary man, it is evident that he has been a frequent contributor to the local press in India; and in these days, when politicians write books and authors sit in Cabinets, it is not easy to mark the very thin partitions that separate workers and scholars. In his 850 pages Mr. Douglas covers an enormous deal of ground. Former Governors in full-bottomed wigs, professional beauties as they would now be termed, men of repute in legal and commercial circles, astute Hindu Ministers, Nelson and Wellington, Elphinstone, Mackintosh, and Frere, Tom Coryat the pilgrim, Henry Martyn the missionary, succeed each other in bewildering profusion. We are not only told what they did, how they dressed, and where they lived, but what they might probably have said or done in uncertain dim contingencies. Further, the author, with a laudable anxiety to bring the past before the eye of the reader, has adopted the device of speaking in the first person about scenes and events that took place one or two hundred years before he was born. He reads Linschoten's work, *Histoire de la Navigation*, published at Amsterdam in 1638, then himself enters the city of Goa, and sees Portuguese ladies going to church with downcast eyes, rosaries, jewelled crosses, Persian carpets, and fans. In 1694 he elegantly calls for a "sneaker of Punch," sees palm-trees growing on the Esplanade of Bombay, scents human bodies burning on the funeral pile, and learns from watch-fires on the peaks of distant hills that the chief known as the Sidi of Janjirā is out on a raid. He remembers "as well as if it had been yesterday" the great review of 1771, when 9,000 men were under arms, and when Sir Eyre Coote, Admiral Lindsay, and Nana Furnavis were present, and enjoyed a grand entertainment, at which fish, fowl, and turkey, and a hen boiled in oyster sauce, formed the menu. He enjoys the hospitality of Sir James Mackintosh at the beginning of this century, hears him read prayers before breakfast, and is mounted by his host on a horse, to which he gives the facetious name of Bobberi-Wala. He also heard John Malcolm set the table in a roar by describing his adventures at the Court of Scindia. He saw monks, and fair ladies with ostrich feathers and diamonds at Bassein, when the "air was heavy with frankincense," and so on and so on, during various stirring episodes of social and political life. Lord Campbell, in his *Lives of the Chancellors*, tells us that Lord Buchan, the head of the old house of Erskine, was in the habit of identifying himself with every event in which any of his predecessors in the title were concerned, and that he astonished a guest by saying, "I remonstrated strongly against the execution of Charles I. before it took place." It is no wonder that that Earl of Buchan does not fill quite the same place in history as his eminent younger brothers, Thomas of the English, and Harry of the Scotch Bar.

It has been truly remarked that, if you want to become pain-fully cognizant of the mannerisms and faults of style of certain eminent authors, you should look at their imitators. It is not every archer who can bend the bow of Ulysses. Some thirty years ago the monthly magazines abounded with articles in bad imitation of Thackeray and Dickens; the latter especially in his pathetic and worst strain. Mr. Douglas has, perhaps unconsciously, taken Carlyle for his model; and here is a specimen of very indifferent Carlylese. He is introducing us to the Emperor Baber, who wrote memoirs, conquered Upper India, and had fierce drinking bouts with his friends, in utter disregard of Archdeacon Farrar and the Koran. "A big, well-built, genial, jovial man who always takes the brightest view of things; a man powerful in strong drink, a kind of convivial Jupiter who will see all his *confrères* under the table or higgledy-piggledy, like the sheeted dead, around it, he marching over their recumbent bodies to his sleeping apartments, where sleep of some kind, of the just or the unjust, awaits him." Then we have passages in which historical characters and events are discussed in an easy and jocular style as offensive as was the merriment of parsons to Dr. Johnson. Sivaji, the founder of the Mahratta dynasties, was very likely a robber by land and a pirate by sea; but he hardly deserves to be written about in such sentences as the following:—"Poor Sivaji, who is now worshipped as a god, was sea-sick like ordinary mortals; and though he arrayed himself in red fez with jewelled tassel, a big green wave off the Chaul Kadu would have no mercy on him, but bowl him over, bubble-bubble and all, into the lee scuppers, and then bilge-water and *mal de mer*." Or this again, on the mortality of merchants at Gombroon:—"A few days pass, and the black camel which kneels at every man's door comes for Graves; Graves mounts, obedient to the summons. Then it kneels for Percival, then for Wents. They all at intervals ride away into the silent land. Emboldened by success, it came for Wood. Wood was tough, looked the

grisly undertaker in the face, and probably said with Wycliffe—
Go away," &c.

We could multiply instances of this extremely irritating style. They annoy more than positive errors—of which, however, in the plethora of names and titles, there are not very many. We note some slips. There can be no trustworthy authority for a vague statement that Aurungzeb, the last of four great Muhammadan emperors, ever enjoyed a revenue of one hundred millions; Elphinstone puts the biggest of imperial budgets in the time of Shah Jehan at only thirty-two millions. The late Sir John Kaye never wrote his best works in India, with the thermometer at 96°. Kaye came away from Bengal in the beginning of 1845, when he had only written a few essays and a clever but forgotten Indian novel entitled *Peregrine Pulteney*. Sir James Mackintosh may have corresponded with Horner and Jeffrey, when at Bombay, and had on his table, probably, the *Edinburgh Review*. But Mackintosh in India never read the *Waverley Novels*, for the simple reason that he left Bombay in 1812, and *Waverley* only appeared in 1814. Nor when we look at Outram, Mountstuart Elphinstone, and Bartle Frere, can we admit that Mackintosh was "the most splendid character in the whole range of Bombay history." Frere, too, would hardly have taken it as a compliment to himself or to the fine service to which he belonged, to be told that he carried away no plunder from India, and that he could never be denounced as having "drunk of the golden cup of abominations." The most determined assailants of the East India Company have been forced to admit that its civil and military servants, of whatever grade, from the Deputy Commissioner to the Resident and the Governor, have for a century and more been clean-handed; and Mr. Douglas should beware of such phrases as a "cruel parent" and "spotting" a religion.

That in a vast mass of anecdotes and notices some are new and striking is admitted. We select one or two. The description of the island of Bom bay at the time of its cession, the jungle and its clearance, the revenue which increased from some 6,490L in 1668 to 756,954L in 1882, the expenses of living, the spacious harbour and the fort, the Towers of Silence of the year 1675, and the vigour and prescient sagacity of such Governors as Childs and Aungier, with their financial and other difficulties—to all this we willingly listen. There is a good story of Mr. Forjett, the Commissioner of Police at the time of the Mutiny. Lord Elphinstone, the Governor, told Mr. Forjett that there was such a strong and watchful bodyguard at Parell House that he had no fear of intruders. "Make your cordon as strong as you like," was the reply, "and I will engage to stand at your bedside to-morrow morning at six o'clock." And so Mr. Forjett did, having passed the sentries under the native disguise of the *mekter* or sweeper. His discovery of the Sepoys who were plotting treason under the very eyes of their unsuspecting officers, is too long to quote and too good to spoil. Whether Nelson was ever at Bombay is really a very small matter, and whether Bombay can claim to have given Wellesley any of his military education may be open to doubt. But this is a good sentence from a Mahratta to one of his correspondents, written apparently about the year of Argum and Assaye:—"These English are a strange people, and their General a wonderful man. They came here in the morning, looked at the Petta [Town] wall, walked over it, killed all the garrison, and returned to breakfast. What can withstand them?" The illustrations, we may repeat, are excellent and varied, and somewhat atone for pages of sprawling print and for some poetical scraps which agree as little with the subject as would the plaid of a Highlander on the sacred thread worn by a Brahman.

NOVELS.*

PEOPLE in want of a fairly-written novel, free from murders, adultery, double-dyed villains, and detective policemen, may do much worse than read *Miss Latimer of Bryans*. The story hangs upon the love of the son of a yeoman—a well-to-do yeoman whose little property has been in his family more than two hundred years—for the great squires of his parish. The highest point of the agony is reached when two couples are going to be married in a few hours, at the same time, in the same

* *Miss Latimer of Bryans*. By Eleanor C. Price. 3 vols. London: Bentley & Son. 1893.

Kitty's Father. By Frank Barrett. 3 vols. London: William Heinemann. 1893.

Avenged on Society. A Novel. By H. F. Wood. London: William Heinemann. 1893.

Time and the Woman. A Novel. By Richard Pryce. 2 vols. London: Methuen & Co.

Some Married Fellows. By the Author of "The Dailys of Sodden Fen" &c. 2 vols. London: Bentley & Son.

church, each intending bridegroom being madly in love, not with his own, but with the other's intended bride. As the brother of one of them sagely prophesied, there is "the devil of a mess," and the story ends to the cheerful sound of a tolling bell. As we have already hinted, the author is merciful in the matter of villains; she only introduces one, and even he would not have earned the title if his mamma would have left him alone. The mamma in question is cleverly drawn, and most of the other characters have sufficient individuality; the mediocrity of the heroine is life-like, if the Quixotism of the hero is somewhat exaggerated; the old clergyman is decidedly good of his kind, as also is a person whom we may describe as the other old clergyman, a clergyman of a very different type; the old aunt is, perhaps, a little too much like other old aunts of fiction; but both a lovely and passionate daughter, and a plain and matter-of-fact sister, do a good deal to strengthen the novel. The descriptions of scenes and scenery are very fair, and the plot, although neither very exciting nor very exhilarating, is well handled. Reviewers become weary of having perpetually to declaim against spinning-out, a sin which ruins as large a proportion of our novels as drink ruins of our population; but we cannot refrain from saying that it was very sinful indeed of Miss Eleanor C. Price to do her best to spoil a novel with some good work in it by giving way to an unbridled indulgence in this detestable vice. Perhaps the best service we can render her will be to encourage intending readers of her book with the assurance that it will bear very free skipping.

The peg on which the story hangs is cleverly concealed in *Kitty's Father*. Reviewers usually pretend that they have seen how every novel would end before they were half through the first volume. In this instance, we admit that we did not discover the mystery one line before it was revealed to us. It is with no vindictive feelings that we go on to say that the concealment is attained by a woeful sacrifice of the probable, if not the possible. A father is made to give his only and well-beloved child untold anguish, and almost to ruin her life, without any reasonable cause. This was, indeed, a strong herring to drag across the scent! By way of softening the effect of this glaring improbability, it is, as it were, shaded off by other improbabilities of varying degrees, graduating from a few which almost equal it in intensity to many which are barely distinguishable from probabilities. Several of the characters in the story are strolling actors, and so far so good. The pity is that they are so stagey when not acting, and that the characters who are not actors are, if possible, more stagey still. Among the many curates in a late comic opera, there was not one who was half so theatrical as The Rev. Crawley Shepherd of this novel. We caught ourselves finding fault with his "dresser" when we read that "the amiable habit of smiling had worn deep creases from the wings of his widely-spread nostrils." We doubt whether a play would be accepted in these days in which a clergyman was made to say, "When the Vicar told me that his grandson was a play-writah, I did my utmost to moderate his angah." "I desiah to go back to this vexed old gentleman and say, 'Take your grandson into your bosom,'" &c. In one page we read of him that "there was gentleness and extreme refinement in every action"; in another we find him talking about a man carrying a revolver "in a behind pocket." Still worse than the stage-parson is a stage-admiral of that "shiver my-timbers" type which is happily extinct upon the real stage. This old man is as vulgar as he is impossibly nautical in his language. "There's nothing but plain sailing, as I can see," he says. "I see you're one of the right sort," he bawls to a new acquaintance. "Damme! if I'd ever trust the finest vessel afloat before I'd seen how she weathered a bit of spanking sea." Such is his style, throughout. We assume that the supposed author of the story is intended to be as remarkable for his "extreme refinement" as the Rev. Crawley Shepherd. When a friend expresses a fear that he is somewhat unwell, he replies, "I'm afraid I ate a little too heartily at tea."

We are inclined to think that the main idea in *Avenged on Society* must have been suggested to its author by the Maybrick case. In this novel, however, the convict is liberated, and then she stumps the country, starts a newspaper, and eventually marries a duke. It is a poor book, and tedious to an extreme degree. The heroine, who is supposed to write the story, is the only child of the ex-convict and duchess. Here are a couple of specimens of her style:—"How nobly loyal you are to my father's memory!" said I shortly, with one of my intense upward looks." "Spencer troubled me much by his insistence. I was at length obliged to swoon, in order to get rid of him."

Some readers, perhaps, may be interested in a lady who "has taken up gynecology," and writes "letters to the medical press, on our Public Women, from the point of view of etiology"; or in another who talks about "Dephlogisticated Air"; or in the doctor-lover who marries the heroine, after wooing her in this

graceful style:—"You will have persisted in remaining within an environment which brings you abnormal conditions, which will bring you chronic despondency, and low fever, and which can yield you up nothing to compensate"; but, somehow, they all failed to interest us.

In some ways, *Time and the Woman* is a most disappointing novel. There is not much story in it; but what little there is affords excellent and unfortunately neglected opportunities of making an excellent plot. The book could scarcely have a poorer ending. It reminds one of a church which begins with marbles at the west entrance and ends with lath and plaster in the chancel. Not that there is anything very churchy in this novel. On the contrary, the leading character has a far from lively faith. "I doubt," she says, "whether God himself could understand me; yet he made me, I suppose." Nor is the following remark of a husband to his wife quite suited to a sacred edifice:—"There is no reasoning with you. You bother one's life out. Then take your damned way and have done with it." The novel, however, has its virtues. The not altogether immaculate wife, home from India, is very well described. She is "the most beautiful woman in London," even at thirty-seven; making young men fall in love with her is her favourite pastime; and she behaves atrociously to her daughter, whom a rich youth of four-and-twenty marries in order to be able to flirt with his mother-in-law. This picture may be neither very edifying nor very pretty, but it is well painted. Very well in their way, too, are some of the descriptions; one of atmosphere is good; one of sound is better; better still is one of a play at the Gaiety Theatre. This story belongs to the class now vulgarly called society-novels. Its general tone is not very high; as we have already shown, its beautiful woman is imperfect, and even the virtuous characters are disagreeable. A young lady, in describing her mother's first and unwished for call upon a new acquaintance, says that "she grumbled all the way" to the house, strongly objecting to placing herself on calling terms with the lady she was going to visit; "and then when she met" her, "she gushed—positively gushed. You know mamma's *empressé* manner." Her brother then observes that he was glad that she had been civil; whereupon she replies, "It was pure insincerity. Mamma is inherently insincere." Here, again, we may say that, if the author does not represent human nature in its most attractive aspect, his characters are not entirely without precedent in real life; in short, we think that when ladies read the book they will declare that one or two of the most odious of the women it describes are speaking likenesses of certain of their dearest friends. The weakest point of the novel is the heroine, and the hero is only the shadow of a shade stronger.

We are initiated into the mysteries of the love-makings of tutors and governors in *Some Married Fellows*. The hero is a surly creature of the name of Keltridge, a Fellow of a college at Cambridge. His wooings of an intellectual young lady named Helen are, and are intended to be, some of the most limp and chilling of which we have ever read or heard. They may be true to nature, but they are desperately dull. Shortly after he has proposed to her, he tells her that he feels he cannot make her happy, and that the engagement had better be broken off; Helen, however, is foolish enough to persuade him to persevere with it. They marry, and are miserable. By way of cheering her, he urges her to study, and, after a course of reading, she passes her first examination, with credit. Even this does not please him. "I should prefer that, as my wife," he says, "you ran no risk of being plucked." "It is one thing to go in for a study, another to run the gauntlet of the examiners." Then she tells him that she will try philosophy. "I am still sanguine enough," she says, "to engage in the search, however vain, for a system of ethics which may supply the place of the religious dogmas which I find myself forced to relinquish my hold on." In the course of one of their many nagging-matches, she observes that, after all, they have married "for worse as well as better," and may as well make the best of it. Her amiable husband replies by a question:—"May I ask, does your past religion or your present philosophy speak there?" Although they have nothing whatever to quarrel about, he asks her to leave him. "I will release you now, frankly, freely," he says. She objects, stoutly; but he fairly "puts her away," to use a Biblical phrase, and goes abroad for two years. Then he comes home and claims conjugal rights; but Helen, having objected to leave him, now objects to return to him. At last the grand climax of the story is reached at the funeral of her brother, where he comes and kneels beside her in the church—they are both avowed sceptics—"and, under the cover of a college-gown"—oh, the romance of this!—"grasps her hand." "They were united at last in a love which rendered all separation henceforth impossible." Indeed. All we can say is that we do not envy them either their love or their future.

SCOTTISH SONG.*

THIS excellent collection of Scottish songs was originally published among the "Golden Treasury" series, and it has been republished under the same auspices. It is, perhaps, impossible for any one person to make a selection of poetry which entirely satisfies the general reader. Either the area for selection is too restricted, or the allotted space too limited; but many favourites are always left out, and many inserted which are comparatively little known. On the whole, Mrs. Aitken may be congratulated on her choice, and she has been safely guided in deciding to take only those of real merit and those which have "won their way to the hearts of the Scottish people and dwelt there." The book is divided into four parts, the first being devoted to "Songs of the Affections," of the more serious kind. The second part has the drinking songs. The third, love songs admitting the comic element; and the fourth contains the Jacobite and war songs. This arrangement necessitates that the same author appears scattered through the different parts of the book, and it has a somewhat distracting effect on the mind. On the other hand, it shows off the lustre and strength of the greater poets, and the songs of Robert Burns glow with an added brilliancy, set in the pages among lesser lights. Mrs. Aitken has given the name wherever it is known, and added a further benefit, by giving the date of the birth and death of the author. In places we think she has been somewhat pedantically rigid; it is a shock to find over the well-known lines—

My dear and only love, I pray
This little world of thee
Be govern'd by no other sway,
But purest monarchy;

Attributed to James, Marquis of Montrose. Born 1612; executed 1650.

The world has long known this as "Montrose's Love Song," and felt convinced no other pen but his could have written it, and the least touch of scepticism on the subject is unpleasant.

In the case of one poem Mrs. Aitken would have been justified in placing the word "attributed" before the name she gives as that of its author. John Logan's name stands above one of the finest poems in this volume, "The Ode to the Cuckoo." This is not the place where the merits of the controversy can be entered into. The authorship has been hotly contested; but those who believe that Michael Bruce was the true author of these lines can show a very strong case for their belief.

We cannot help regretting that room has been found for only one of Walter Scott's lyrics. "Jock o' Hazeldean" has deservedly found a place in the "hearts of the people"; but so have several more—one we may note in particular which many have reckoned, not only as one of the best of Scott's poems, but as taking high rank among classical lyrics—room should certainly have been found for the "Cavalier's Farewell."

We are glad to notice so many of Lady Nairne's beautiful poems. No writer has enshrined in worthier words all the delicate pathos and strong reserve, all the devoted and fiery loyalty, of the Scottish race, than has Lady Nairne. She was a contemporary of Sir Walter Scott; but so well was kept the secret of her song that we believe he was never given the pleasure of knowing that the verses came from the pen of one whom he often met in society, and whom he would have welcomed with so eager a right hand of fellowship. The glossary is not more absurd in its translation of Scottish words than such interpretations usually are, though there are few English readers who could not have guessed for themselves what "saxpence" meant, or who require to be told what "hame" means. If the words given in a glossary are the measure of the ignorance of the ordinary reader, it is not surprising that there are certain "gomerils" who say that the Scotch prohibits them from reading the novels of Sir Walter Scott. We wish it were possible to provide some means which would induce English singers to pronounce aright the Scottish songs they select to sing. As a rule, it is as easy to say the word right as wrong, and almost any one who has lived a few weeks in Scotland can give them the necessary information. No one knew the necessity for this better than Jenny Lind, and in learning to sing "Auld Robin Gray" she made a countrywoman teach her the proper pronunciation, and no one who had the good fortune to hear her can ever forget the perfection of the performance. It was our lot not long ago to hear a song murdered by the mispronunciation, oft repeated, of one word. The bagpipes do not sound the "pie-broch," and to hear it so pronounced is to suffer

more torture than that musical instrument ever gave to the ear of the Sassenach. If Scotch songs are worth singing, they are worth singing correctly, and half the trouble expended in learning the French accent, and a quarter of that spent on German, would fit the musician for a part he should only undertake with circumspection; for no ear is so touchy as that of the Scot.

KLEIN'S STAR ATLAS.*

IF "good wine needs no bush," the reiterated advertisements of the fact that Dr. Anderson discovered Nova Aurige with the help of Klein's *Star Atlas* ought to be superfluous. We are not, however, by any means convinced of the truth of the adage, and the advertisers are, perhaps, wise in their generation. The *Atlas*, at any rate, is an excellent one—much better than it would have needed to be to perform the slight, if distinguished, service demanded from it at Edinburgh upon the above-named memorable occasion. The present is the second English edition, the original having been published at Leipzig in 1888. A considerable amount of success has thus attended the work, and the success is, on the whole, deserved. For it constitutes an ample and convenient repertory of the sidereal objects most interesting to amateurs. Twelve out of eighteen admirably executed maps are devoted to the representation of all stars visible with keen eyesight in a good climate, from the Pole to 33° south of the Equator; such double stars and nebulae as can be observed with a small telescope are added, besides a fairly thick sprinkling of variables. The remaining six plates give lithographic, or heliographic, reproductions of remarkable star-clusters and nebulae, among which are to be noted the great group of the Pleiades, with its involved nebulae, from the Henry photographs; the Orion Nebula, after Bond's inimitable drawing; six clusters photographed by Von-Gothard at Heróny; and a few of the late Wilhelm Tempel's beautiful nebula-delinations; the whole forming a really valuable album of celestial curiosities.

We cannot, however, give the same unstinted praise to the literary as to the graphical portion of the work. Dr. Klein's explanatory text conveys, indeed, a great deal of welcome information regarding the objects portrayed in the maps; but it was compiled six years ago; and in sidereal science a lagging of six years implies a large arrear of discovery. The translator, Mr. McClure, has accordingly added many useful items of recent intelligence, but was probably not empowered to carry out the more thorough revision which would have been desirable. Thus, in the introduction, the mistaken assertion has been allowed to stand that the "latest list" of about two hundred variable stars was drawn up by Pickering. Now Professor Pickering has classified, but has never, that we are aware of, catalogued these peculiar objects; the "latest lists" of some two hundred and fifty of which are by Mr. J. E. Gore and Mr. S. C. Chandler respectively. And even these begin to be out of date, and already need to be supplemented. The number of known nebulae, too, is understated by about two thousand, and Dreyer's "New General Catalogue," the only approximately adequate work of reference for their positions, is left unnoticed. Nor should German miles be "sprung upon" English readers, as in the statement that the distance from us of the nearest fixed star is four billions of miles. The disparity here is not, it is true, due wholly to the use of a more than quadruple unit of length. Dr. Klein is responsible for the adoption of the older and larger, but less accurate, parallax of *a Centauri*, corrected ten years ago by Drs. Gill and Elkin.

We hope to contribute to the improvement, in a future edition, of a work likely to come into the hands of a multitude of beginners, by pointing out a few of the errors which at present detract from its otherwise very considerable merits. Thus the distance corresponding to the parallax of half a second of arc, assigned at page 66 to the well-known double star 61 Cygni, is not twenty, but 38½ billion miles. Then, even the qualified mention of Vega in the character of a spectroscopic double is misleading, since the supposed discovery is fully ascertained to have been based upon an illusory photographic effect. On the other hand, the close companion to ζ Ursae Majoris, spectroscopically detected at Harvard College, and rendering the system a triple one of a peculiarly interesting kind, might well have come in for direct notice. The spectrum of Spica Virginis does not belong to the fourth type, which includes no star nearly so brilliant. Like all other stars hitherto shown by the spectroscope to be very closely double, Spica emits light of the Sirian quality. It should have been specified in Mr. McClure's supplementary note that the hydrogen-lines in Mira are *bright*. The nominal

* *Scottish Song: a Selection of the Choicest Lyrics of Scotland. Compiled and Arranged, with Brief Notes, by Mary Carlyle Aitken. London: Macmillan & Co.*

* *Star Atlas, with Explanatory Text. By Dr. Hermann J. Klein. Translated and brought up to date by Edmund McClure, M.A., F.L.S. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 1893.*

parallax of 0°018 was determined for Arcturus, not by Professor Hall, as stated at page 71, but by Dr. Elkin. The star is in truth immeasurably remote, and is hence, owing to its large proper motion, justly inferred to travel through space with tremendous speed. In the little table at page 72 of the *Star Atlas*, however, a parallax for it of 0° 127 is, doubtless through an oversight, associated with a velocity of 373 miles a second. If, however, the star were as near to us as Peters's comparatively large and assuredly fallacious parallax implies, its proper motion should be translated into a linear rate of no more than 52 miles a second across the line of sight. Its motion in the line of sight, on the contrary, has been cut down from 55 to less than 5 miles a second by the recent concordant measures at Lick and Potsdam. Astro-physics is, in fact, so innovating and so enterprising a branch of knowledge, that most of its results bear a merely provisional character; and hence authors and editors have to be very much on the alert in order to discard what is antiquated and discriminate what is authentic.

MR. R. U. JOHNSON'S POEMS.*

THE numerous English friends of Mr. R. U. Johnson will be glad to know that he has at length, and for the first time, collected his scattered poems into a very pretty volume. An English flower is invoked as the symbol which the poet hangs just inside his lintel:—

Hardy gorse, that all year long
Blooms upon the English moor,
Let me set thee at the door
Of this little book of song.

The Winter Hour, which is the longest piece in the volume, and gives its name to the collection, is a very graceful gnomic poem, in eight short fyttes, describing the joys of the domestic and social hearth in winter; it is written in octosyllabic rhyme, with lyrics introduced. The songs, sonnets, and studies which fill the remainder of the book are of great delicacy of workmanship and charmingly refined in thought. It is plain that in his general study of the poets Mr. Johnson has not found Wordsworth and Emerson the least sympathetic nor the least inspiring to his own spirit. A quotation from "A Spring Prelude" may serve to show how firmly and with what independence of current fashions Mr. Johnson is able to wield the difficult instrument of blank verse:—

O tardy April, is thy full choir here?
The redbreast, picket of the swarming spring,
Whistles a sudden chirrup of alarm
Before his level flight, and soft at eve
His melody, on grass half-robin high,
Falls like a vesper's throbings from aloft.
The sparrow tempts the turf to faster growth
With her coy nesting, while her happy mate,
High in the promise-reddened maple-top,
O'er-bubbles with ecstasies of hoarded song.
The mellow tunings of the oriole's flute,
Rich as his coat, foretell his summer joy,
And pitch the key of gladness for the year.

Several of the occasional poems are particularly happy, and the admirers of Mr. John Burroughs's delightful volumes of reverie and observation will be amused with the "Traces for J*** B*****," which closes Mr. Johnson's book. It begins:—

Dear English cousins: We have lost—
And crave your help to find him—
A farmer-poet, ocean-tossed,
With no address behind him.

We congratulate this genuine friend of the literature of our country on the agreeable addition he has made to that of his own.

TWO BIOGRAPHIES.†

IT would be impossible to find a more decided, though it might be easy to find a more glaring, contrast than that presented by these two little books on the greatest writer of the eighteenth and the greatest writer of the nineteenth century in France. They are not very different in size, but variations of print and

paper have put more space for actual writing (even though his book contains, according to the custom of its series, a bibliography, and a very good one) at Mr. Espinasse's disposal. This, however, is not more than proportionate to the greater interest of Voltaire's life, which has been made the subject of endless commentary, and to the greater variety of his work. We have not to accuse either writer of any serious omission, though Mr. Espinasse, to get in the facts of the life of Voltaire, has had to be rather chary of criticism, and Mr. Nichol, to make up for the scarcity of events in Hugo's career, has had to pay more attention to critical matters. The difference lies in the entire alteration of the point of view, which corresponds, unless we are very much mistaken, to a difference in age between the writers. Mr. Espinasse may be called, in no other than a complimentary sense, a veteran. He produced more than a quarter of a century ago a first volume of a more extended Life of Voltaire himself, which was never completed—we have no notion why—but which had much merit. Of Mr. Nichol himself we know nothing personally, but the whole tenor of his book smacks of literary youth. Weight-for-age races are by far the most interesting of contests elsewhere as well as on the Turf.

It would be a *maxima culpa* in Mr. Espinasse if, considering the fact to which we have just referred, he had not been an expert in his subject. It is not the less a *maxima virtus* in him that he is. Voltairean literature is so immense that nobody but a sub-specialist among specialists can even pretend to be familiar with the whole of it. M. Desnoiresterres, Mr. Morley, perhaps Mr. Parton, certainly M. Bengesco—we can think of no others at present, or recently, who could contest the title of Pan-Voltaireans. A whimsical person once said that he would make it a capital crime to discover, or to fail to destroy when discovered, any more of those endless letters, those tridling miscellanies, those troublesome *faits divers* which are continually swelling the Voltairean canon, and altering in infinitesimal but calculable degree the Voltairean biography. But we think that we may, in all modesty, pretend ourselves to a sufficient knowledge of the facts to enable us to say that there is very little—that there is nothing important—that Mr. Espinasse does not know. If he misses an anecdote now and then, the reply is obvious that he could not possibly have found room for all; if he sometimes cuts a knot, the reply is equally prompt, and equally sufficient, that there was no room to untie it and display the strands. The important thing is that he has given here, in small space, a far fuller and more accurate conspectus of an extraordinarily full life and life-work than is anywhere else obtainable, not merely in the same compass, but in compasses much more sweeping. We do not think, speaking advisedly, and weighing our words, that any important fact about Voltaire is here left out; and we can say, with even greater assurance, that no unimportant fact is put in. As a very minor criticism under this head, we think that Mr. Espinasse's habit of rendering French money at modern rates will a little deceive the merely English reader. He does, indeed, now and then warn that reader that the value of money was nearly, if not quite, three times as great then as now. But we think it would have been wiser to do cambist for the reader more completely, and, for instance, not to say, without warning of any kind, that Ninon's legacy of two thousand francs was equal to 80*l.* Eighty pounds then, even in England, was worth quite 250*l.* now, and from every indication we should say that it was worth considerably more in France. But this is mint and anise.

To us, moreover, the manner of Mr. Espinasse's treatment is even more grateful than the matter of his book. It is, with very rare lapses, and those of no important kind, quite competently written. But there is no effort at brilliancy, and the author has evidently said to himself, "I cannot, and no one can, write something that shall be at once a crackling *causerie* on Voltaire and a businesslike summary of the immense body of information on the subject in two hundred pages. I must take my option; and in such a series I opt for the summary." He was perfectly right; for, to put other things out of question, brilliant essays on Voltaire were numerous already, and the summary hardly existed. But it was not sufficient to resolve to give the summary; it was necessary to give it, and this Mr. Espinasse has done. The giving involved a great deal of preliminary labour, which he has not spared; but it involved also the possession of a competent judgment, which was less in his power to give or withhold as he chose. He has been able to give it. The accounts of "L'Infâme," of the very difficult subject of Voltaire's exact attitude towards religion and Christianity, of his quarrel with Frederick, of his death, are all written with a steady presence of good judgment informing good knowledge. On purely literary questions Mr. Espinasse, as we remarked above, allows himself so little scope that it is not easy to gauge

* *The Winter Hour; and other Poems.* By Robert Underwood Johnson. New York: The Century Company.

† *Great Writers—Voltaire.* By F. Espinasse. London: Walter Scott. *The Dilettante Library—Victor Hugo.* By J. Pringle Nichol. London: Sonnenschein.

him as a purely literary critic. But the whole book is an eminently satisfactory specimen of a kind of scholarship which, if not the absolutely best, is one of the most creditable and useful—the scholarship which attempts nothing that it is not master of, pretends to nothing that it does not know, and, if it is not brilliant or genial, is adequate, trustworthy, and sincere.

We should be sorry to be understood as hinting against Mr. Nichol, in the sense of opposing faults, the merits which we have ascribed to Mr. Espinasse. Here also are merits. We think that Mr. Nichol has read a good deal about his subject, and (which is rarer) a good deal of him. He seems to be determined to do as much justice as he can, and he does a good deal. He avoids the specially disgusting habit of crying down or sneering at predecessors; and he is free from another almost equally odious vice of "modernity," the indulgence in digressions, flings, *obiter dicta*, which have little or nothing to do with the subject. His conspectus of his subject is far from being a bad or incomplete one. And yet his book suffers, in our eyes, from the two faults of a good deal of contemporary youth—an excess of *suffisance* and a defect of general knowledge. We find no very glaring errors in Mr. Nichol, but we find some which, from a person who writes with such an extremely serene confidence, distress and perplex us. Is he quite sure that Hugo's mother's father was "an *armourer* at Nantes"? Was he not rather an *armateur*, which is by no means translatable as armourer? Is not "barbizon" a strange and sadly tell-tale misprint in a passage where Mr. Nichol evidently means either "barbican" or "baritan"? He has been reading much very modern French literature. He has heard of Barbizon, the place, and he writes it, instead of what he means. Again, his account of Hugo's epoch-making sojourn in the Channel Islands is written with a confidence which in the guileless reader will produce fresh confidence of another kind in the author's familiarity with the subject. But Mr. Nichol is not quite infallible. "Hauteville House," he says (by the way, it is not generally known in England that the poet with characteristic blandness appropriated the name of a much older and more authentic mansion of that name which existed, and we believe exists) "is on the edge of the sea." Well, as a matter of fact, it isn't. At least, if you choose to say that a house is "on the edge of the sea" when there are between the two a garden of some length, a public street, buildings, if we recollect aright, or at least a wall, on the other side of that street, then a sudden drop, and then more buildings and a considerable undercliff, ending in a very wide esplanade, you may. And so may you call your hat Cadwallader. Yet again Mr. Nichol makes Hugo address the famous verses written or thought at Rozel Tower to the "Guernsey proscripts." But Rozel Tower is in Jersey, not Guernsey, and the verses were written some years before the move to the more northern island. An infinitely unimportant slip doubtless; but a slip which a biographer, especially one who writes authoritatively and at ease, should not make.

A more serious fault, however, in Mr. Nichol's book is that, concerning itself very much with purely literary criticism, it seems to begin at the wrong end. Mr. Nichol's views are mainly those of a very recent, a not very large, and—we think it may be said without rashness—a not-likely-to-be-long-dominant, school of French criticism. Of this he has evidently read much, and his own sentences accordingly often read as if they were translated. He quotes, not indeed with entire approval, but with respect, the late M. Emile Hennequin, whose "esthopsychology" was—let it be said with all proper delicacy—the dreariest and foolishest rubbish ever shot under the critical name. He falls in with a pet fallacy of Frenchmen of the newest as well as the oldest schools to this effect:—

"The tragedies of Racine, written in a language inappreciable in the entirety of its purity and grace for all save Frenchmen, must remain for ever as the most morally subtle, and artistically delicate, expression that France has known of the essential passions and emotions of mankind."

Now we can assure Mr. Nichol that he could not have hit upon a worse argument than this. For the really great and immortal writers are those who are appreciable by all the world. Elsewhere he has another passage on M. Verlaine which is worth quoting:—

"But the real leaders of the actual generation of French poets are Paul Verlaine, the enfranchised master of all chords of latter-day emotion; and Stéphane Mallarmé, the exquisite and enigmatic prince of the tribe of *symbolistes*, who are occupied rather with intellectual subtleties than with shades of feeling. It is shadowy suggestiveness, vague musical vibrations, that are sought for by the young poets of France in preference to clear, firm colour, moulded, plastic outline—the ideals of the *Parnassiens*."

Car nous voulons la nuance encor,
Pas de couleur, rien que la nuance;
O ! la nuance seule fiance
Le rêve au rêve et la flûte au cor! *

says Verlaine in a poem which is the law and the prophets for his disciples, and his disciples are the most active and, apparently, the most gifted among the contemporary generation of French writers in verse.

* "For we would have shades ever,—No colour, nothing but shades;—O ! it is shade alone that plights—The dream to the dream and the flute to the horn!" But this exquisitely melodious verse, whose charm depends so much on the use of the word *nuance*, can only be mangled in translation. *Nuance*, approximately *tint*, *shade*, has no exact English equivalent. Applied to literature, it expresses qualities of delicate suggestion and intellectual dexterity, such as are consummately shown in the writings of Renan. We have little need of the word in English literature as a rule."

Now M. Verlaine, in his long, eccentric, and not always edifying career, has from time to time produced flashes of the rarest and most undoubted poetry; but this particular verse happens to be cant in sense and discord in sound. There are many mansions in the house of poetry, and there is room for the *nuance* as well as the *couleur*, while the last line is fair Hugonic echo. Nor have we the least objection to M. Verlaine's trying hypercatalectic verse, though the genius of French generally conduces to acatalectic. But the third line is a childish and ugly jingle, the two first extremely weak, and the whole rather bad.

We can imagine Mr. Nichol replying, "You think so ! I don't think so, and my opinion has as good a right to exist as yours." To which we should reply with a mild *Vous vous écartez de la question*. The question is not whether Tom or Dick utters the opinion, but which opinion is based on the wider and more solid acquaintance with the genius, the structure, the cadence, the nature of French poetry from the *Chanson de Roland* to M. Jean Moréas. And the question is further whether, in judging a writer admittedly of the first rank, it is safe and sufficient to look back on him from the point of view of his own creatures whether of discipleship or of reaction. Let us do Mr. Nichol the justice to say that he is far from declaring Hugo *enfonce*, that he does his best to be just to him, defends him against many objections, admires him heartily, and speaks warmly about him. We think it likely that, with more training and more knowledge, he will do very good work. But he has not raised himself high enough for his present task; he gropes in the actual and the ephemeral. Now, whatever Hugo's faults (and they were many), he is of those whom you can only appreciate and only judge from the high vantage-point of acquaintance with literature generally, and in comparison with the few who are his equals and the fewer who are his superiors.

OUTLINES OF MODERN TACTICS.*

THE text-books on tactics which shower upon us in an unceasing flow seem to argue a vast greed for information amongst our younger officers and cadets. If reading make a full man, packed indeed with scientific lore should be the brains of the embryo heroes of our time. We fear, however, it is the love of variety rather than the thirst for knowledge which sets men reading and writing. "Every Man his own Tactician" would, indeed, be a telling title for the next manual, and would have a bitter spice of truth about it, too; for even the War Office appears unable to formulate any definite or lasting views, and issues official guide-books which but bridge over the intervals till a new one can be brought out. Time was when the art of war was regarded as principally a matter of common sense. The Duke of Wellington attributed his successes entirely to the application of this valuable commodity to circumstances as they arose; and many of the very best generals in history became so by a grasp of principles rather than by puzzling over the details which now fill up an examination-paper, and which must be learnt more or less by heart. After the successes of Frederick in the Seven Years' War men aped the Prussian system down even to the cut of a coat or the placing of a button, and the science of war was largely held to be a matter of tailoring and drill-surgeants. We have witnessed the same craze in our own time, and the free-born Briton truckles to the notions of the successful military nation for the time being on the Continent with unvarying eagerness. The latest form our periodical fit of zealousness has taken is an excessive regard for details of formations, statistics, distances, zones, penetration, ranging, and all the other jargon that is called together to make a very simple matter as complex and intricate as possible. In describing a fight some modern writers appear to imagine that extraordinary minutiae of information collected (often baldly translated) from German sources are more likely to benefit and attract the student than was

* *Outlines of Modern Tactics*. By Lieutenant-Colonel E. Gunter. London : Clowes & Sons, Limited. 1893.

the military history told in stirring language which formerly captivated the reader, and held him enthralled to ideas by the vigour or beauty of the style in which it was presented to him. The pedantry which delighted mostly in boots and buttons was only another variety of the pedantry which binds us now. We are pundits in these days, in place of being martinet and dandies, and perhaps the ineptitude which underlies all the efforts of the doctrinaire is never more disastrously displayed than when it assumes this form on the battlefield.

We are far, however, from implying that Colonel Gunter, and all the other studious men who compile books to help boys to commissions and officers to promotion, are to be characterized by the opprobrious phrases we have used. They are but the complement and natural consequence of the pedantry of the age, and fill a necessary and useful part with much industry and ability. The ball, be it ever so ill constructed, must be kept rolling, boys and men must pass examinations, even if, by doing so, they are not, as we in our pedantry hope they are, any more qualified for the exigencies of active service than they were before, and therefore there must be cramming, crammers, and tools, in the shape of text-books, for cramming. The little work before us is written by a man with a vast experience of the need of candidates and the wiles of examiners. It is the outcome of years of practice, and it is admirably adapted to the end in view. The candidate is not asked to read one single line more than is absolutely necessary for the purpose in hand, and he is not troubled with anything that is not likely to "be asked." Historical examples or illustrations are scarcely ever indulged in, and there is no d—d nonsense of romance about the pages, any more than there was of merit, according to Lord Melbourne, about the Garter. The older methods of teaching military history were occasionally disfigured by excursions into the domain of the imagination; but in these modern days there is no time to indulge in any such vapourings, and, of course, we must assume that the methods of to-day are best suited to the needs of the age. Colonel Gunter, in a frankly written preface, says his object is to give a general idea of the subject before a close study of the works fully dealing with it is entered upon, "which must be done to understand the *reasons* for the established principles." Are we to infer that he did not go into the reasons for the principles because at our military examinations they are not asked for? Apparently, what one wants for these is facts, terse, hard, and concise as possible, and there is no need, therefore, in a little work like this to bother about reasons. In all other sciences the student's intelligence is appealed to, and he is led to remember principles by building them up for himself from reasons. What a satire is it on our boasted system of education, that we "should have changed all that" here! We can, therefore, heartily recommend the boy or man anxious to acquire as rapidly as possible as much knowledge as possible for as short a time as possible to study this little book. It is excellently adapted to its purpose. It is well arranged, well thought out, and its language is simple and invariably clear. When he has with its help overcome the trial immediately before him, he may replace it with satisfaction on his bookshelf, and feel he has a friend at his elbow who will serve him equally efficiently when the next crisis in his career to glory arises. When also he needs companionship in the watches of the night he may turn for sympathy to its pages, and will learn with absolute accuracy to his comfort how many inches a small-bore rifle-bullet will penetrate into wrought iron, sand, earth, clay, or even "green oak," not to mention "sand-bags, header," or "ditto stretcher."

Having so highly praised the pages before us, and so fully recognized their great merit and value for the ends for which they are intended, we trust we shall not appear ungracious if we venture to indicate some points where improvement might be effected in a new edition. We think that it is scarcely right to speak, as our author does, of the battery as the "tactical unit of artillery"; at least a note should have been added to point out that the "brigade division" of two or three batteries, under the command of a lieutenant-colonel, is always so regarded abroad, and usually in this country also. Also when, on p. 29, Colonel Gunter states that the "ordinary rate of artillery fire for good laying is about three rounds per minute," we think he is more off the mark than his guns would be. An exceptionally highly-trained battery in constant practice on the ranges might considerably exceed that rate; and in firing case-shot, where it would be unnecessary to run the pieces up between each round, it also would very likely be attained by most batteries. But under the ordinary circumstances of field warfare—that is to say, when fuzed shrapnel shell were being fired—a rate of fire so high could not be expected with confidence where accurate laying was required. We may hope that modern improvements will in the future give us as good, or even better, results, but the

time is not yet. The diagrams which are added to illustrate the placing of outposts seem to us also a little unfortunate. In what part of the known world is the young officer to find such a marvellous configuration of ground as is here represented? Three ranges of abrupt hillocks jut out from a perfectly flat plain in lines precisely parallel to one another, and two streams flow in accurately straight lines, and meet one another at an exact right angle! The same fault is noticeable in all the diagrams of country which are given. Surely, it would have been better either to leave the paper blank, or to have drawn such contours as would represent hills and valleys with some approach to what might be looked for in nature. The table at the end of the book which supplies a kind of chronological list of "chief events in tactics" reminds us of an almanac, and the information given is scarcely wisely selected or arranged. The revival of cavalry does not date from 1891 or even 1890. The modern tendency had received attention several years earlier. Neither is it correct to give the same dates as marking the advocacy of field howitzers to "search intrenchments with curved fire." Immediately after the experiences of Plevna the idea was taken up in Russia, and as long ago as 1886 more than one of our own artillery officers had written papers recommending that the introduction of field mortars or howitzers, which had then already taken place in Russia, be imitated by us. The use of the field telegraph for tactical combinations was also recognized before the war of 1877-78, and it would be very unsafe to rely too much on deductions from the feat accomplished by General Lazareff which is the most notable instance during the campaign in Armenia; for it may safely be asserted that it would have been impossible against any other but a Turkish force.

Per contra, we must give our hearty approbation to the tables dealing with the organization of our army, and the manner in which "Time and Space" are dealt with. The scouting of cavalry is also exceptionally clearly explained and exemplified, and the notes on outposts in savage warfare are likely to be especially useful. It is against savages that our soldiers are chiefly called upon to act, and the orthodox methods, such as up till lately were the only ones taught them, are often out of place in South Africa and the Sudan, however useful they would be in France or Germany. On the whole, we can sincerely congratulate Colonel Gunter on his book, which we have little doubt will meet with the success it deserves, even if the circumstances which call it and others like it into being cannot hope for like approval from us.

A HISTORY OF CREATION.*

THE appearance of the second English edition of Professor Haeckel's *History of Creation* reminds us how greatly in some respects current scientific opinion has been altering since the publication in this country of the first edition. The purity of our faith, as it was in the early seventies, has become streaked by harassing doubts; heresy and schism are rampant; we are no longer certain whether to pin our faith to the *Origin of Species* or to the gospel as preached and published by Dr. August Weismann; some of us are members of that by no means obscure sect, the "Neo-Lamarckians."

Even the English editor of the volumes before us (Professor Ray Lankester) feels himself compelled in the preface to dissociate himself from some of the opinions expressed in the work. Amid this turmoil the Jena Professor has remained unmoved and steadfast in his faith; no doubts have crept in to disturb his philosophic calm. Professor Haeckel continues to expound and defend the views of the orthodox followers of Darwin with the same energy that characterized his earlier editions. We observe, however, that the author is careful not to commit himself to some of the more extreme vagaries of the school which he so powerfully represents. He does not, for example, dwell upon some of the highly ingenious, though now happily obsolescent, theories of animal patterns and markings, which have been conceived in incomplete knowledge of the facts upon which they were supposed to rest by naturalists who have attempted to open all Nature's doors by one master key. *The History of Creation* is mainly a digest of the arguments to be derived from Embryology, Distribution, and the anatomy of living and extinct forms in favour of the theory of evolution as propounded by Darwin and Wallace. The immense amount of matter, in a necessarily compressed form, contained in the series of volumes in which Darwin put forward his views suggested to Professor Huxley the apt description "intellectual pemmican." Perhaps this expression is to be deprecated in so far as it implies dryness, a quality which certainly does not characterize Darwin's writings.

* *The History of Creation*. By Ernst Haeckel, Professor in the University of Jena. Second English Edition, revised by E. Ray Lankester, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.

Professor Haeckel's book is, if anything, more concentrated; but it is, at the same time, perfectly assimilable by the average reader. A writer of great repute has lately insisted upon the supposed fact that scientific men are unable to convey instruction in a readable form; it is certainly true that most "popular science" is produced by the activity of persons who are not exactly specialists in the subjects of which they treat; but this, if a blessing, is one well disguised. In the present instance, we have a naturalist of the greatest reputation dealing with an important subject in a fashion and in language to be understood of the people. No one could say that *The History of Creation* was dull reading; and, no doubt, it is better still when read in the language in which it was written, good though the translation is. Indeed, in his desire to make himself clear to persons with no technical knowledge of the facts of biology, Professor Haeckel goes a little too far; he rarely uses a scientific term without giving its equivalent in ordinary speech. This does not quite do in English; the German pseudo-vernacular expressions, when translated literally, as they are in this book, cannot convey much information, and are hardly a help to getting a clearer idea of the animal to which they refer; besides they are sometimes ridiculous. *Balanoglossus*, for instance, may be a somewhat portentous word; but "Acorn-worm" and "Tongue-worm" are expressions not calculated to enlighten the uninstructed student. If it be necessary, which we beg leave to doubt, to give a quasi-popular name where no real popular name exists, it would be more advantageous to make it as far as possible characterize the animal to which it is applied. Professor Haeckel is at his best when denouncing some one who holds opposite views. A certain Andreas Wagner appears to have annoyed him by stating that wild species were created as fixed and unchangeable forms, but that the Creator, after breathing life into a clod of earth, and thus producing man, "created for him the different useful domestic animals and garden plants, among which he thought well to save himself the trouble of distinguishing species." The Professor remarks that no mention is made of the "Tree of Knowledge." Was this, he asks, a good species or not? Probably it was, he concludes; it can hardly have been meant for the use of man, since so many have never eaten of its fruit. Professor Haeckel himself is associated with an altogether different kind of tree, of which he is the creator; this is the celebrated "Stammbaum."

The Stammbaum is really a tree of knowledge—at least, in the opinion of a good many people. One of the main objects of the study of animal morphology and embryology is to construct "pedigrees"; the rise (or fall as the case may be) of a particular group is to be deciphered in their structure, their development, and in the "records of the rocks"; the clearest way to exhibit this pedigree is by an adaptation of the family "tree"; the roots lost in the soil represent the first beginnings, the trunk is the main line of the least modified descendants, the branches and the branchlets are the ramified offshoots of the original race. Very often these trees are represented in a life-like manner with gnarled and knotted stems, and with the branches denuded of leaves, but bearing placards similar to those which often deck the trees in our woods and parks. Upon these are written the names of the different genera or species whose development the tree illustrates. More often still a conventionalized tree of straight and branching lines is constructed. This matter leads us to a more serious criticism of Professor Haeckel and his followers. When embryology came to be studied side by side with anatomy, it was fully expected that the genealogical scheme of the living world would be made plain; unfortunately this anticipation has not been realized. Professor Haeckel, it is true, is very positive about the descent of man; but other naturalists have other opinions; so far as facts are known, we can take our choice of several ancestors; nearly every creature that breathes has been pressed into the service, and has been at one time or other regarded as the existing form most nearly allied to that whence the Vertebrates arose; if any one objects to calling the worm his brother, he can evade the undesirable connexion by claiming kinship with *Balanoglossus*; the two latest views favour respectively the Crustaceans and the Spiders.

Our knowledge of embryology is now so great that it is really a reproach that we cannot elucidate the descent of man in a way agreeable to the opinions of every one. Professor Haeckel's book is, therefore, unjustly called *The History of Creation*; it only embodies one more or less probable view of the course of creation. Professor Haeckel, or his English editor, ought to have boldly plagiarized and called it the history of an idea, for that is precisely what it is. Not the least interesting part of the book is the series of sketches of the various groups of the animal kingdom; these are largely illustrated by plates. Professor Haeckel's

own researches into the Radiolaria, based principally upon material collected during the voyage of the *Challenger*, contribute to the excellence of his account of the Protista; it is a pity, however, that so much is always made by him and by others of the organism known as *Protomyxa aurantiaca*. It has only been seen once, and that many years ago; seeing that all the conclusions to which the study of this beast leads, can be argued out of more familiar creatures, it might have been allowed to drop into at least temporary oblivion. We cannot help feeling that *Protomyxa* is a sort of zoological Mrs. Harris. Shorter accounts are given of those groups which are not in the direct line of the descent of man. As regards birds, the author very properly uses the elaborate monograph of Max Fürbringer. It is doubtful whether so colossal a work as this has ever been, or will ever again be, produced. Lengthy treatises are generally associated in the mind with German Universities. But this work is more than Teutonic in bulk; it is, however, as weighty in the applied sense of the word as in the literal. In this and other parts of the book Professor Haeckel does ample justice to researches published since his first edition.

The final chapter deals with man. It has been for years a matter of dispute as to whether all human beings belong to a single species or not. There is clearly as much difference between the more extreme varieties of the human race as there is between animals allowed by all naturalists to belong to different species. But it has also been pointed out that intermediate stages connect all the pronounced types. These intermediate stages are of course due to crossing. The reader of this review has probably been accustomed to hear himself referred to that species somewhat inaccurately named by Linnaeus *Homo sapiens*; if, however, he happens to be of the same colour as the writer of these lines, he must be prepared to adopt the name *Euplocamus mediterraneus*. Professor Haeckel distinguishes no less than twelve species of man; the black man is, on his showing, not a man and a brother, for he belongs to quite a different species, *Eriocomus niger*.

THE GRAMMAR OF PALMISTRY.*

THE *Grammar of Palmistry* is not exactly what it professes to be. It is, in fact, a list of qualities of character cut up and placed under different headings. Mrs. St. Hill, an American lady, has compiled it chiefly from Desbarrolles, with somewhat unfortunate additions of her own. She claims to have had a very wide experience in examining hands; but the organic nature of a character seems to have escaped her. The ancient chiromants used to decide where a line should be, and having ruled it hard and square on their diagrams, they sublimely trusted that some one else would find it out in nature. This example has been unconsciously followed by Mrs. St. Hill, who devoutly believes in the mystic threefold mapping out of the hand, and will not allow any line to mean anything but what she thinks it ought to mean according to the part in which she finds it. The result is entirely unscientific, and makes a crack through the fabric of her work that promises subsidence in the near future.

We must warn intending readers of this condensed book on palmistry that, like some other stimulants, it may excite the nerves, but has no nourishment in it. The part devoted to illness is dangerously vague, and enough to frighten many into fits. But, in fact, life is not so easily disposed of, and two or three other signs are of much more importance than the one at present accepted as the line of life. Formerly the lines of head or heart were taken for it, with quite as plausible reasons given in tottering Latin and ill-spelled French as any in this little book. The reader is earnestly requested to draw outlines of hands, and sketch in the lines and study them for six months before venturing verbally to "tell" a hand. It is taken for granted that these lines can be correctly drawn; but the slightest trifling will give a wholly new reading, and they should not be too much relied on. The proportion of the fingers to one another is of the utmost importance, being based upon physiological grounds, and yet the subject is here treated in an empirical manner, as if the length of each finger actually depended on Saturn, Apollo, and the rest of the tutelary deities invoked. It is strange that books should still be found to advise palmists to prod the hand to ascertain whether it is hard or soft; for a very little observation of the contour and colour will indicate this without further trial. Nothing shows the tiro more certainly than pinching and seizing the hand of the victim, and this method should no longer be permitted in polite and scientific society.

The lines on the thumb are not given for the two first

* *The Grammar of Palmistry*. By Katherine St. Hill. With Eighteen Illustrations. London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co. 1893.

phalanges, as the writer's investigations have not apparently been pushed very far, and there are sufficient details given as to the fingers to make the nervous uncomfortable. The axiom "Nearly all great men have large thumbs" will not raise envy if it is recollect that Voltaire had enormous thumbs, so that one might perchance have them too big for comfort or credit. There are more second-rate feelings named than we hope can readily be met with; for instance, frivolity and carelessness are much more often merely a sort of gay hopefulness than actually bad, but such a cheerful view of life would be painful to the pessimistic tone of the writer. Allowance is not made for varied nationalities, though the Hindoo and Maori are permitted to have the line of fate.

The study of palmistry must remain fanciful, groping and haphazard, as long as it remains literally in the hands of those who have studied neither the history of nations nor of individuals, who know nothing of the effect of climate upon race and of race upon character. A well-known author has ventured to say we are all like dumb animals pining to be understood; but, though man has a hand to be read in addition, it is the very darkening of counsel to read it in this fashion. Anthropology, physiology, and philosophy may, however, help to scatter some of the abject superstitions of the palmists, ancient and modern.

CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA.*

THIS volume completes the new edition of *Chambers's Encyclopædia*. An editorial note, put in by way of Preface, asks in modest terms for the applause of the spectators of the performance. A fair measure of applause will not, we are sure, be refused by any one. The new edition will maintain the reputation of *Chambers's* as an Encyclopædia of the second magnitude. It is not free from faults of omission and commission, some of which we have had occasion to point out as the successive volumes appeared. There have been here and there signs of defective judgment and taste. But none of its faults are so serious as to affect the substantial value of the work. It is a very useful Encyclopædia of moderate size and price. In his editorial note, Mr. David Patrick lays it down that an encyclopædia should be "a stocktaking in almost every department of science; and should be even less remarkable for its multifariousness and fulness than for the proportion, interdependence, and due subordination of parts." This is the correct standard, and it has largely been attained by *Chambers's* within the limits set by its scope and resources.

In the articles contained in this volume we may notice here and there echoes of contemporary controversies. Thus, in Captain Garbett's paper on naval tactics, we are told that Torrington, "an experienced seaman and profound strategist," foiled Tourville. The French Admiral, as a matter of fact, was foiled because the French King would not send troops till the Jacobites were in arms, and the Jacobites would not rise till they had the support of French troops. What Torrington might have done if left to himself would have been to allow Tourville to pass as many troops over as he pleased, without putting him to the trouble of fighting a battle to cover the passage. Here we have a mere expression of opinion, which is mainly instructive as an instance of the old rule that exaggeration breeds exaggeration. Because Macaulay abused Torrington without measure, there is a swing back to the other extreme now, and a very commonplace man is written about as if he was a hero. We notice a curious slip in another naval article. In the paper on Villeneuve it is said that his battle with Calder was fought "off the Azores." It actually took place thirty-nine leagues from Cape Finisterre, which is a very long way from the Azores. The article on the Duke of Wellington contains what we cannot but think is an example of defective arrangement. The reader is referred to "Peninsular War" for all the Duke's fighting in Spain. As the author is a soldier, Colonel Dunlop, we ought, perhaps, not to complain that the political side of the Duke's life is but superficially treated. In the list of authorities at the end—always a weak place in *Chambers's*—there is no reference to any of the books which deal with his share in internal affairs. In the article *Volunteers* (Lord Kingsburgh) no notice is taken of the force of the same name in the old war which was the forerunner and example of the present, and had a not uninteresting history. One of the biographical articles illustrates the inconvenience which may beset an Encyclopædia which notices living people. It is Professor Palgrave's "Lord Tennyson," written while the poet was alive, and left unaltered at the author's request.

* *Chambers's Encyclopædia: a Dictionary of Universal Knowledge*. Vol. X. Swastika to Zyrianovak. London and Edinburgh: W. & R. Chambers. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Many interesting lives fall to be noticed between Swas and Zyri. Mr. Espinasse gives a clear account of the events of Voltaire's life, without however any admixture of criticism, except what may be described as implied in the narrative. He differs from Mr. Saintsbury, whom wild horses would probably not restrain from criticism. Mr. Saintsbury's article on Zola is—as was indeed almost inevitable—much more critical than narrative. Because it is critical it will neither please those who dismiss M. Zola with disgust nor those who assert or imply that his merits atone for all that far too considerable part of his work to which Mr. Saintsbury applies the word "beastly." We cannot undertake to do more than name the most interesting papers of historical, scientific, or other general interest. Mr. Hunt contributes two well-compacted articles on William I. and William II.—the Conqueror and Rufus. Mr. Hume Brown contributes the article "University." We presume that "Theosophy" was assigned to the author of the article upon it for the same reason that Mr. B. Booth was allowed to write about the Salvation Army. The result is not one on which we can congratulate *Chambers's*. An Encyclopædia which professes to impart knowledge ought not to publish nonsense about "the great Hermetic and Rosicrucian orders, which kept an unbroken tradition through mediæval and modern Europe." Much the same remark might be made about the article "Temperance," which is signed by that eminently impartial authority Sir W. Lawson. *Titian* and *Turner*, by Mr. Hamerton; *Trollope*, by Mr. F. Adolphus Trollope; *Lope de Vega* and *Velasquez*, by Mr. Ormsby; *Virgil* (poet and wizard), by Mr. J. N. Mackail; *Horace Walpole*, by Mr. Austin Dobson; *George Washington*, by Professor Channing, are articles which are answered for by the authors' names. So are Mr. Henry Jones's "Whist," *Canon Taylor's "Writing,"* and Mr. David Pollock's "Yacht." The geographical articles are numerous and well supported by maps. We may particularly mention Mr. Bealby's "Sweden," Mr. Plummer's "Sydney," Mr. Vambéry's "Turkestan," and the United States, in five divisions with two maps, by Professor Greene. Geography, Geology, Professor Shaler; Education, Mr. Boone; History, Professor Channing; Literature, Professor Thompson.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

OF the two stories which make up Mme. Th. Bentzon's (1) new volume, the second, "Coup de foudre," is much inferior to the first and title-tale, while the end of this first story does not strike us as equal to the beginning. "Coup de foudre" simply tells how one of the usual and quite worthless *viveurs* of French fiction—a person who has even outraged one of the few strict laws of modern French society by borrowing money from one of his lady-loves—comes across an American millionairess. Incidentally the author takes occasion to endorse the usual French views about the largeness of English feet, the frequency of "shocking" in English mouths, and so forth. Well! well! these little national vulgar errors die hard; and no doubt there are English girls who have large feet, just as there are French girls who are pretty. But that an author dating her work partly from London, and in the past, if we remember rightly, dealing much with English ways, should represent English "pre-Raphaelite aesthete" Misses as wearing Dolly Varden aprons is a little strange. And we presume that "tabliers en cretonne à fleurs" can be nothing but Dolly Varden aprons. The other story begins very well, although it has a dangerous suggestion of *Arène Guillot*, and the author, we need hardly say, is not exactly fit to cope with Mérimeé. Hervé du Gouédic, a Breton sailor of no very strict life but sufficient piety, goes after a long cruise to visit a certain light love of his whom he has idealized after a fashion here very well described, and perhaps more common than is thought. He finds her neglected (except by an old jovial miscreant of a surgeon-major), in the last stage of consumption, and encumbered with a little daughter seven years old, with whose paternity it is, as it happens, impossible to reproach himself. He takes care of the invalid, helps her to make her soul, and after her death not only adopts the child, but succeeds in inducing his own spotless relations in Britanny to take charge of her. Years afterwards, in another of his cruising fits of idealization, he falls in love, or thinks he falls in love, with his ward. Here is a problem, indeed, ready for solutions, passionate, "scabrous," or otherwise. But Th. Bentzon is unequal to the height of the argument. There is no serious struggle between the godfather's desires—for he is godfather as well as guardian—and his sense of duty as a good Catholic, and the goddaughter very conveniently accepts the addresses of a common-

(1) *Le parrain d'Annette*. Par Th. Bentzon. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

place admirer—a perfectly natural ending, but a trifle uninteresting.

We see some merit in *Cœur de sceptique* (2); we should see more if we were more certain that M. Ardel saw the ironic side of his own presentment. The worst thing that we know about present French literary schools of all kinds (with a very doubtful exception in the case of the neo-Renanists and Barrésians) is their failure to see this; just as it was the best and most saving thing about the great Romantic movement that not a few of its greatest were quite alive to the humour of it, and made hearty fun of themselves. *Cœur de sceptique* is nicely told, and its hero and heroine both have interest. But one sighs a little to think of the gentle satire with which Bernard, or Gautier, or even Sandeau would have shown us the great Robert Noris, novelist of analysis, psychologist, disillusioned lover of beautiful countesses, and so forth, simply "tumbling" to the first pretty ingénue he meets. M. Ardel, however, has made by no means a bad thing of his story; and the tragic touch of the end, where the beautiful and perfidious Countess reveals to the hero that his beloved is the daughter of a convicted forger, is well enough managed.

We have, as we have more than once observed, no great love for "les dessous de l'histoire" dished up as romance. And our love for the presentation of them is not much increased in cases where, as happens in more than one of M. de Saint-Aulaire's (3) stories, it is difficult to discern what history has got to do with the matter. The first and longest, however, does connect itself more or less intimately with historical events—those of the conspiracy against, and assassination of, Gustavus of Sweden by Ankarström.

Alix d'Arc (4)—who, it seems, is a princess—has secured a preface from the pen of Pierre Loti; a pen which, in such cases, seldom fails to tell a flattering tale. We learn that the lady has conferred a fresh, &c., on those steppes which, and so forth. Perhaps she may have done so; we, at least, see no harm in her book, if we see no particular good. But, as a ribald person of M. Pierre Loti's compatriots observed on another matter, *mutatis mutandis* :—"Ah ! si vous saviez combien je me fiche des gens en *witch*, de leurs filles en *-ska*, et de tout le fiche tremblement Russe !"

We fear that this forsaken one would have said much the same of any book on "a crime of the Rue" anything (5). The desire to go

Au fond de l'inconnu pour trouver du nouveau

is human and perennial. But the old-new, the tiresome shoddy things that come to take the place of the good old ones, and are not good and speedily become old—for these there are some who have no fancy and no mercy. Not that this condemnation, in its extremest harshness, applies to M. Bizard any more than the former did to Mme. d'Arc. But we are deadly weary of both their kinds.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

STUDIES in Corsica, by John Warren Barry, M.A. (Sampson Low & Co.), might have proved more interesting than it is if the author could have resisted the temptation of dealing with such antique threadbare matters as banditti, the vendetta, King Theodore, and much else of the kind. For Mr. Barry went to Corsica with an object, and not as the globe-trotter goes to and fro on the face of the earth. He is interested in planting, and was intent on studying the "ligneous vegetation" of the Mediterranean basin. He wished to observe foreign woods growing in natural conditions, and, strange to say, he could not meet with the book he required—a work on "sylvan geography," or the distribution and habitats of timber trees. There are many such books. However, since Mr. Barry was bookless in the matter, he determined to go forth and observe with his own eyes. This resolve must be considered laudable; for the man of observation is more likely to find matter worthy of record in that which interests him, and has engaged his study, than in compiling notes on all things that come within his ken. But it does not seem to have occurred to Mr. Barry that there is very little forest in a state of nature to be found in Europe, and that Corsica is scarcely a promising field for observing the forest primeval. On his arrival at Ajaccio he made the inevitable discovery. Hence his Corsican studies are "sylvan and social," and not wholly devoted to forestry. The most pleasing portion of his book is that description of the

(2) *Cœur de sceptique*. Par H. Ardel. Paris: Plon.

(3) *Les dessous de l'histoire*. Par le Comte A. de Saint-Aulaire. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(4) *La steppe*. Par Alix d'Arc. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(5) *Le crime de la Rue Chanoinesse*. Par A. Bizard. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

vegetation of the Corsican "maccchia." For the rest, his discursive record is chiefly "touristical," to adopt his own term, and much of it shows the tedious, though doubtless conscientious, parade of mere reading, which is the bane of the compilation.

Seventy Years of Life in the Victorian Era (Fisher Unwin) is the work of "A Physician" whose life has obviously been fuller of interest to himself than the present chronicling of it is likely to prove to his readers. The record of much travel enters into the autobiography, but it does not greatly lighten the somewhat heavy style of the narrator. The writer tells of his youth, and of his school and college triumphs, and of other matters that are of no moment to the reading public. His recollections of travel in Australia and America yield very little that can be considered notable. "I don't know," he remarks, "whether my readers have ever been to Petticoat Lane in London; but if they have not, they would see a great resemblance to it at the Bowery in New York." How the resemblance could be seen without having seen both localities is rather a difficult matter to resolve. The most readable reminiscences of "A Physician" are those that relate to his experiences in the Crimea during the war, much of which is brightly set forth.

The Land of Ararat (Eden, Remington, & Co.), by "A Special Correspondent," might be described as a dateless work, not that it is imperishable, but on account of the lack of particulars as to months and year. From certain indications, such as the quotation from a Parliamentary paper relating to Turkey dated 1892, it would appear that the writer's travels in Armenia must be referred to last year, or to 1891. It was somewhat squeamish, by the way, to suppress the name of the London newspaper that had published telegrams, "generally erroneous and false," concerning the condition of Armenia. But every reader of the extract will be able to fill the blank. "A Special Correspondent" writes with excellent good sense of the relations of Kurds and Armenians, of the designs of Russo-Armenian agitators, and of the reckless mendacities concerning the Sultan and his Government circulated in certain foreign newspapers and by intriguing pro-Russian Committees in the country. Of the mischief done he cites some striking examples. On the other hand, he notes a revival of national sentiment in Tiflis among the Armenians that may, he thinks, indefinitely postpone "the feared Russification of this ancient race." His book altogether is thoroughly readable and interesting. It should be read by all who are observant of the many-sided Eastern question; for it reveals in all respects no other desire than to see things as they are, and not as political party bias would shape and colour them.

Mr. Nimmo's handsome "Border edition" of Scott's novels, following the order of the author's collected edition, has put forth *Rob Roy* in succession to *The Antiquary*, as the volume for February, with etchings by Mr. R. W. Macbeth by way of illustration. Mr. Macbeth as a designer is scarcely equal to Mr. Macbeth as an etcher. His "Helen Macgregor," however, is excellent. In the preface to *The Antiquary* Mr. Lang, writing of Scott's temporary desertion of Constable in favour of John Murray, and his giving up of the title "Author of *Waverley*," remarks that Godwin, whose *Mandeville* was published by Constable, had evidently been tempted by the publisher to try a disguise, and that both Lord Lytton and Trollope made similar trials of their popularity. Godwin, as Mr. Lang observes, did not carry out the notion, and probably he would have failed if he had attempted it. But Mr. Lang does not mention the most successful of all such devices, that of Lever in writing *Con Cregan*. Most of the critics swore that this most characteristic book could not be Lever's, and were mightily effusive in congratulating the anonymous author on having beaten Lever in his own field.

New editions of interest we note in Edwin Waugh's *Tufts of Heather*, second series (Heywood), comprising, among other admirable sketches, "Snowed Up" and "The Hermit Cobbler," two of the finest examples of Waugh's dramatic power and humour; *Shakspeare's Songs and Sonnets*, edited by F. T. Palgrave (Macmillan & Co.), "Golden Treasury" series; *Seventeenth-Century Lyrics*, edited by George Saintsbury (Percival & Co.), and the Aldine edition of *Wordsworth's Poetical Works* (Bell & Sons), edited by Professor E. Dowden, of which we have Vols. I.—III.

From Messrs. Cassell & Co. we have received Part I. of the new volume of *Annals of Surgery*, a monthly Review of Surgical Science and Practice, new and enlarged series; Parts XXIV. and XXV. of *Cassell's Storehouse of General Information*; and Part I. of a monthly reissue of Dr. Robert Brown's *Our Earth and its Story*, with excellent woodcuts and coloured plates.

The student and collector of Book Plates ought not to pine for lack of the incitement which intercourse with kindred spirits yields, with so good a representative organ as the *Journal of the*

Ex-Libris Society (A. & C. Black), this year's opening number of which is full of interesting matter.

Debrett's House of Commons and Judicial Bench (Dean & Son) for 1893, the twenty-seventh annual issue, is revised to the middle of January, and comprises a large number of changes compared with the previous volume, most of which are due to the general election in the summer. There are, for example, more than two hundred new biographical notices in the House of Commons division. All the familiar features of this excellent reference book are retained, such as the comparative voting in each constituency at the elections of 1892 and 1886, the area of electoral divisions, registered polling strength, and so forth.

The Year's Art (Virtue & Co.), compiled by Marcus B. Huish, is illustrated by capital portraits of painters unattached to associated bodies of artists—"prominent outsiders" they are called—and contains the usual summary and review of the exhibitions, sales, publications, and other matters of moment in the artistic world during last year.

The Year-Book of Treatment for 1893 (Cassell & Co.) gives a comprehensive record of medical and surgical treatment, at home and abroad, in the form of separate articles contributed by various eminent practitioners. Cases in any way notable are cited, and much information is collected with regard to the action of new or little-used drugs and improved surgical apparatus. The copy of this handy guide forwarded to us is, we trust, singular in one respect. It is most carelessly made up for the binder. Thus, pp. 353-368 appear duplicated, the repetition replacing the first portion of the contribution of Mr. Malcolm Morris on "Skin Diseases," which is altogether omitted.

Of other volumes for reference for 1893 we have *Thom's Official Directory* (Dublin: Thom; London: Longmans & Co.), which excellent work has attained its fiftieth year; *The Clergy List* (Kelly & Co.), an ecclesiastical Directory complete in all respects and admirable in arrangement; *The Constitutional Year-Book* (Blackwood & Sons), a very useful political handbook issued by the Conservative Central Office; *Nye's Illustrated Church Annual* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.); *The Baptist Handbook* (Veale, Chifferiel, & Co., Limited), comprising a Diary and British and Foreign Directories, &c.; *The Dog-Owners' Annual* (Dean & Son), compact of useful matter and adorned with portraits of famous dogs; Mr. Thomas Skinner's *Stock Exchange Year-Book*, a valuable chronicle of the past financial year, and a complete guide to the character and present position of each of the Public Securities and Joint-Stock Companies known to the market; and Mr. Walter R. Skinner's not less useful record of mines and mining enterprise, *The Mining Manual*, a work that deals with the mines of the world in a fashion that is full of instruction and altogether impressive.

We note the third edition of *Latin Prose Composition*, by George G. Ramsay, M.A. (Macmillan & Co.); the second and enlarged edition of *England's Prayer-Book*, by the Rev. T. B. Sikes, M.A. (Skeffington & Son); Mr. Edward Lance Tarbuck's *Handbook of House Property and Fine Art*, fifth edition, enlarged (Crosby Lockwood & Son); *The Mechanic's Workshop Handybook*, by Paul N. Hasluck, second edition (Crosby Lockwood & Son); Dr. Arthur Whitelegge's *Health and Hygiene*, second edition (Cassell & Co.); *Foods for the Fat*, by N. E. Yorke Davies, fifth edition (Chatto & Windus); and Max O'Rell's *John Bull and his Island*, cheap edition (Leadenhall Press).

We have also received a new and enlarged edition of the Rev. Dr. Kellogg's *Grammar of the Hindi Language* (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.); *A New Dictionary of the Portuguese and English Languages*, based on a manuscript of Julius Cornet, by H. Michaelis, two volumes (Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co.); *A Dictionary of Every-Day German and English*, by Martin Krummacher (Hachette & Co.); *Statistical Register of New South Wales*, for 1891 and previous years, by T. A. Coghlan, Government Statistician (Sydney: Potter); *Technical Instruction Directory* of West Riding of Yorkshire (Wakefield: Milnes); *The Effects of Consumption of Wealth on Distribution*, by William Smart, M.A. (Philadelphia: American Academy of Political and Social Science); *Finite Homogeneous Strain, Flow and Rupture of Rocks*, by George F. Becker (Rochester: Geological Society of America); *Concise and Practical Legal Advice to Engineers, Architects, and others*, by Alfred A. Hudson (Waterlow & Sons); *Nineteen Centuries Ago and Now*, by J. C. H. Mehl (Banks & Son); *Saved by his Life*, by Martin H. Ricketts, M.A., new edition (Skeffington & Son); *Tennyson as a Thinker*, by H. S. Salt (Reeves); *Sunbeams of Summer*, by J. H. Pickard (Digby, Long, & Co.); *University Extension*, a monthly magazine devoted to popular education (Philadelphia: Society for the Extension of University Teaching); *Safety in Cholera Times*, Homoeopathic treatment (Philadelphia: Boericke & Tafel); *Popular Lessons in Cookery*, by Mrs. Boyd Carpenter, new edition (Percival & Co.);

Part XVII. of the Illustrated Edition of *A Short History of the English People* (Macmillan & Co.); *Report of the Marine Society for Training Poor and Destitute Boys for the Navy*; *Report of the Committee of Inquiry into the "Darkest England Scheme"* (Harrison & Sons); and *A Guide to the French Laws* (1889) on *Nationality and Military Service as affecting British Subjects*, by A. Pavitt (Stevens & Haynes).

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

ADVERTISEMENTS intended for the SATURDAY REVIEW should be addressed to MESSRS. R. ANDERSON & CO., 14 COCKSPUR STREET, or to the OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON. A printed Scale of Charges can be obtained on application.

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To the MEDITERRANEAN and LEVANT.

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